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Poetry, American

To Mr.

William L. Linn

Nov. 21 1884

Wm. L. Linn

3.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

BY

LEWIS FREDERICK STARRETT

1



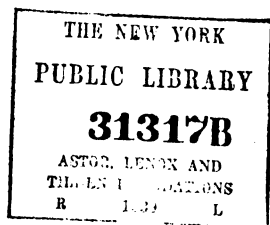
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TRANSLATIONS.

In giving titles of nobility, the German words are retained. *Graf* corresponds to *Count* or *Earl*, and *Freiherr* to *Baron*. The *Edler* is a nobleman lower in rank than the *Freiherr*. The word *von* as part of a name signifies connection with the nobility. This connection may be by birth, or the person may have been himself ennobled.

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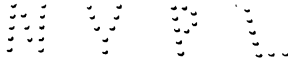
POEMS.

The Legend of St. Christopher.

FROM the desert came a giant,
 Mightiest of mighty men :
He was taller than the tallest,
 And he had the strength of ten.
And they called his name Offerus,
 From the load which he could bear ;
For the weight that burdened others
 Was to him as light as air.

To the emperor the giant
 Came, and said, " One boon I crave.
If you will but let me serve you,
 I will be your faithful slave."
" Faithful service," said the monarch,
 " Never ruler yet denied ;
Henceforth you shall be my servant,
 And be ever at my side."

" That is more than I can promise,"
 Spake the giant in reply ;
" For the strongest of your strong men
 Is not half so strong as I.
If I may not serve the strongest,
 Other service I decline :
Should you ever find your master,
 Then your master shall be mine."



Laughed the emperor in answer, —
“ It is all the same, I trow ;
For the mightiest of monarchs
Humbly at my footstool bow :
And with your strong arm to aid me,
Humbled will I keep their pride ;
Making thus mine own your honor,
I will keep you at my side.”

So the giant on his service
Entered without more ado,
And wherever went the monarch
Thither went Offerus too ;
And so strong was he in battle,
That the proudest foeman quailed :
So the emperor pushed his conquests,
And his projects never failed.

Sumptuously fared Offerus
To repay him for his toil,
Wore the gayest of the trappings,
Shared the richest of the spoil :
All the captains did him honor,
No one dared to say him nay ;
And the emperor learned to prize him
More and more with every day.

Long and well the giant served him, —
Till one day as they drew near
To a dark and dreary forest,
From the wood a frightened deer
Started ; and Offerus saw him.
Quick as thought he drew his bow ;
But the emperor cried in terror,
“ Stay thy hand ! Dost thou not know .



"That yon awful wood is haunted
By the presence of the fiend?"
Here he crossed himself, and, trembling,
On his nearest courtier leaned.
Loud with scorn then laughed Offerus,
As the bow the shaft did send, —
"So the monarch finds his master,
And our league is at an end."

Straightway strode he to the forest,
And they called to him in vain ;
He to them no word of answer
Nor one backward look did deign.
Spellbound stood the host, and watched him
As he disappeared from sight,
Where the wood's deep dark recesses
Made the day seem as the night.

Darker with each step the darkness
Grew, and denser was the gloom ;
Shapes were imaged in the blackness
As of shadows from the tomb ;
Sounds most horrid and discordant
Mingled in a savage blare ;
And with odors pestilential
Laden was the haunted air.

And from out that depth of darkness
Suddenly a lurid light
From a huge, misshapen altar
Flashed upon a ghastly sight ;
For the stones were blood-besprinkled,
And with skulls was strewn the ground ;
And the crackling of the fagots
In the victims' groans was drowned.

From the centre of the burning
Soon a dreadful voice was heard,
And a fearful malediction
Seemed to dwell in every word ;
And the voice said, " I am monarch
Here, and all things here control :
Swear then evermore to serve me,
Yield me body, mind, and soul ! "

But Offerus answered bravely,
" Master Fiend, though I am here,
Come to offer you my service,
Know you that I do not fear
Either you, or these your portents :
Evermore is quite too long.
Stoutly will I do your bidding,
Be it right or be it wrong, —

"Till I find a stronger master ;
And, if such a one there is,
Some day I expect to find him,
And your service leave for his.
If than you no one is stronger,
Then your terms and mine agree :
So, Sir Fiend, you may command me,
I am here, and — we shall see."

At the brave words of Offerus
Fell the altar to the ground ;
And the voice was changed which answered, —
" Until now I have not found
One who could endure the ordeal
Thou hast passed ; and thou shalt be
Henceforth my most favored servant."
Said the giant, " We shall see."



What the life the demon led him,
Were no easy thing to tell ;
But the giant caught its spirit,
And he learned to like it well.
Unto him was nothing sacred,
Shrines nor altars, prayers nor creeds ;
Everywhere devout men trembled
At the story of his deeds.

But at last as on a journey
A cathedral town he neared,
Came he where a pious pilgrim
By the way a cross had reared ;
Then the heavy spear he carried,
At the cross he would have thrown ;
But he felt his arm arrested,
Though he thought himself alone.

And the demon's voice called to him,
" Hold, and let the cross alone !
For, since he who on it suffered
Has ascended to his throne,
Men account it as his symbol,
And who smites it suffers loss.
So, rash man, be warned in season :
Spoil all else, but spare the cross."

" Ho ! then, master mine no longer,"
Said the giant, " I shall go
Straight my matchless strength to offer
To the standard of your foe."
Said the demon, " Be not hasty ;
Mayhap you may choose to stay,
Learning in what coin this master
Will your services repay.

“When on earth his toil he wasted ;
For he was, as once he said,
Poorer than the birds and foxes,
Without place to lay his head ;
And his word unto his followers,
That, when he should have been killed,
Theirs should be his lot of suffering,
Through the years has been fulfilled.

“For the other world he told of —
That shall have what this doth lack —
Of that world I know but this much,
None who go there e’er come back.
All the pleasures that I offer
Come when men esteem them, — now ;
And I trust too well you like them
Down before the cross to bow.”

Calmly then replied the giant,
“I have spoken : you have heard.
In the years that I have served you,
Have you known me break my word ?
It shall help me bear the burden,
If the master did not shrink ;
If he drank the cup of sorrow,
It shall give me strength to drink.”

As he spoke, the demon vanished,
And alone he went his way ;
And he sought to find his master
Many and many a weary day,
Meeting no one who could help him,
Searching still he onward went,
Till he found a pious hermit
In his lowly wayside tent.

Gladly then the hermit told him
How the Lord Christ lived and died ;
How the tomb in which they laid him
By his power was opened wide :
So that, dying, Death he conquered,
As a token he should win
In the end more signal triumph
O'er his mightier foeman Sin.

How, though, now to heaven ascended,
He shall come to earth again ;
And his kingdom be established
In the hearts and lives of men ;
And how they who for his coming
Wait in fasting and in prayer,
In the glory of his triumph
Shall be privileged to share.

"But, good father," said Offerus,
"Is there not some other way?
Fasting is not to my liking,
And I have not learned to pray.
Telling beads by way of penance
May be well enough for you ;
But for me, to render service,
Something I must have to *do*."

Then the hermit said, "A river
Broad and swift, across the way
Leading to the holy city,
Causes pilgrims to delay
Very long upon their journey ;
For the way is far around,
And the strongest may not cross there
Save at risk of being drowned."

Then Offerus sought the river,
And there took up his abode ;
And, the better to protect him
If the banks were overflowed,
Close beside the river's margin
Built him a hut of stone ;
And for very many seasons
Did he dwell there all alone.

And a ponderous staff he got him, —
For a common man a load, —
And it mattered not how swiftly
Down its bed the current flowed,
If that way there came a pilgrim,
Without any risk of loss
On the giant's sturdy shoulders
He was carried safe across.

And if any whom he carried
Sought his labor to reward,
He would say, " My strength is given
To the service of my Lord."
So the pilgrims ever found him, —
Ready both by day and night ;
And with strength still unabated
Toiled he till his hair was white.

One dark night, as down the valley
Swept the north wind keen and wild,
Faint across the swollen river
Came the calling of a child.
Straight the rushing stream he forded,
Searched the bank, above, below,
Called, and got no word in answer,
Sorely puzzled back did go.

Then he said, "My fancy mocked me."

But a voice in answer came, —

"It was I, good, kind Offerus,

It was I who called your name."

And he crossed without a murmur.

Long he looked, and finding naught,
Through the seething waves returning,
Once again his couch he sought.

Then a third time came the calling,

Strangely soft and sweet and clear, —

"Are you coming, good Offerus?

I am waiting for you here."

And indeed a child was waiting

When he reached the farther shore ;

Tenderly the giant raised him,

And prepared to cross once more.

As he would have raised a feather

Did he lift the child, but lo !

With each step he took, his burden

Seemed the heavier to grow,

Till beneath its weight he staggered,

And he feared that he should drown ;

But he held the child, till safely

On the bank he sat him down.

And he tried to comprehend it ;

But so strange did it appear,

That his soul within him smote him

With a strange and sudden fear ;

And he said, "My little master,

If it please you, I must pray,

If it may be, that you will not

Ever come again this way."

Then the infant was transfigured
In an aureole so bright,
That Offerus gazed upon him
In a rapture of delight,
Till a softer voice and sweeter
Than had ever touched his ears,
Said to him, "Lo, thou hast served me
Faithfully these many years."

Then the Christ-child touched his forehead
As he knelt to him, and said, —
"Thou Offerus art no longer,
But thou shalt be called instead
Henceforth, Christopher, in token
Thou didst bear me through the flood.
As a sign of what I tell thee,
Plant thy staff, and it shall bud."

Then his heavy staff the giant
Lifted in his mighty hand,
Brought it down, and left it standing
Like a pillar in the sand,
And, exhausted, sank beside it,
Gazing still upon the light
That about the infant's forehead
Gleamed so beautifully bright.

When at last he slept, the wonder
So his raptured soul did fill,
That in dreams he saw the halo
Round the Christ-child shining still.
For how long he slept, he knew not ;
When he woke, he woke to see
That the staff which he had planted
Had indeed become a tree.

And the birds sang in its branches,
And its leaves were brightest green,
And its blossoms were the rarest
That on earth were ever seen ;
And he thought himself translated
To some other, fairer shore,
Till he saw his hut was standing
By the river, as before.

Then another staff he got him ;
And he labored for a while,
Joying much to tell the pilgrims
Of the Christ-child, and the smile
Which through all his labor cheered him ;
Till at last he closed his eyes,
And the angels took his spirit
To its home in Paradise.

Thus the legend. These the lessons
Which the legend underlie : —
That nor sin nor worldly honor
Can man's highest needs supply ;
That the Christ knows them who serve him,
And is with them all the while,
Though they may not feel his presence,
Though they may not catch his smile ;

And that, if they be but faithful
In the work for him begun,
There will some time come the moment
When he says to them, " Well done !
Inasmuch as ye have done it " —
Whatsoever it may be —
" To the least of these my brethren,
Ye have done it unto me."

The Emperor and the Rabbi.

A JEWISH LEGEND.

THE Emperor Trajan — so the legend saith —
Was given much to studying forms of faith.
He loved to search each hidden mystery out ;
But, speculative rather than devout,
He brought to bear his philosophic mind,
Its weakness rather than its truth to find.

And so it was, he, chancing once to look
Among his treasures, came upon a book
Wrapped in a cloth of gold ; it was the same
Which Titus snatched from the devouring flame
Of the most holy place, one dreadful day,
And bore with other sacred spoil away.

The Emperor could not read it, so he sought
One to interpret ; and his servants brought
A famous rabbi, who with reverence took
Into his trembling hands the precious book,
And, as a man reads who believes, he read
What Moses and the holy prophets said.

Awhile the Emperor seemed absorbed in thought ;
Then said, " O rabbi ! if your race be taught
By these your Scriptures, as it would appear
By these things which you have been reading here,
That God lives in all time, and fills all space,
Then I would fain behold him face to face."

Low bowing as he spoke the sacred name,
The rabbi said, "God is indeed the same
To all eternity; all space he fills;
His are the valleys, his as well the hills;
Yea, his are all things: his creative hand
Hollowed the sea, and formed the solid land.

"As saith our great King David, 'If I flee
On wings of morning to the farthest sea,
If I ascend to heaven, or make my bed
Among the habitations of the dead,
Lo, Thou art there! If I presume to say
Darkness shall cover me, then night is day!'

"But who am I, that I should pull aside
The veil which God hath drawn, his face to hide?
And, mortal as I am, might I reveal
The glory the Eternal would conceal,
Then, monarch though thou art, oh, wouldst thou dare
To meet the eye that seeth everywhere?"

The Emperor answered, "If your books be true,
His eye is on me, whatsoe'er I do;
Why should I fear to meet it if I may,
If it be always on me? Still I say,
Show me your God, if such an one there be;
How can I worship whom I cannot see?"

The rabbi led him out into the air,
And, pointing up into the heaven where
The midday sun in blinding splendor rolled,
Said to him, "Tell me, what dost thou behold?"
"I cannot look," the Emperor said: "the light
So dazzles me, I cannot bear the sight."

"His handiwork," replied the rabbi then,
"Proclaims its Maker to the sons of men ;
If thou, of monarchs chief, canst yet not bear
To look upon the creature, wouldst thou dare
To see the great Creator, Sovereign dread?
Would not the awful vision strike thee dead?"

Rabbi, or ruler — which was nearer right?
One's faith was bounded by his narrow sight ;
The other, had he read, might well have known
That He who sits on the eternal throne,
Exalted over all, yet loves to dwell
With him who, humbly serving, serveth well.

Alas for each ! Did either of them know
Of Him who, then not many years ago,
Coming to earth, his Father God revealed
As all men's Father, and his mission sealed
With his own blameless life, and dying cried,
"Father, forgive them !" and forgiving died?

Rabbi, or ruler? With unabated breath
The Jew denounced, the Roman put to death ;
And blindly both, with unrelenting will,
His humble followers persecuted still.
They knew not what they did : they could not see
How sent from God a carpenter could be.

Through all the ages Scepticism cries,
"Show us your God !" Philosophy replies,
"God is invisible, past finding out."
But rises still the cry of the devout,
To render thanks to Him who doth impart
The blessing promised to the pure in heart.

Amaterasu.**THE SHINTO LEGEND OF THE ECLIPSE**

Down the white stream of the river of heaven
See how the hosts of the sky-gods are pouring,
Coming by hundreds, by thousands, by millions,
Down to the gateway of day !

Where is the sun-goddess Amaterasu,
She whose bright smile the creation illumines,
She without rival for beauty and brilliancy, —
What has become of her now ?

Never before in the years has the sun-goddess
Failed to come up to us, bringing the morning
O'er the waves ruled by her brother Susanos,
God of the far-reaching sea.

Why does her brother hide out in the darkness ?
Why does he come not to tell why his sister
Fails to come up to us, bringing the morn'ing,
Sends not her herald the dawn ?

What is the tale that the sea-sprite doth tell us ?
Who, all unobserved by the sea-god Susanos,
In her pink pearly shell from the crest of a billow
Beheld how the rash deed was done ?

The beautiful Amaterasu was seated
At her loom ; and her shuttle was threaded with sunbeams,
And with them the wonderful web she was weaving,
Which no one beside her can weave.

So trained were her steeds that they needed no guidance ;
And intent on her work moved the sun-goddess onward,
With her face to the loom, and her back to the portal
That opens to let in the day.

But when she drew near to the magical gateway,
On her work all intent, came her mischievous brother,
And over her shoulders the skin of a walrus
All reeking and filthy he threw.

Then angry indeed was fair Amaterasu,
So angry she sprang with a bound from her chariot,
And shut herself into the terrible cavern
Whose portal is close by the dawn.

Small wonder indeed that her mischievous brother
Should keep himself hidden outside in the darkness
Away from the rage of the gods, as in anger
His waves into fury they scourge.

But how shall the beautiful Amaterasu
Be brought to come forth from the terrible cavern,
Since none from without through the portal may enter,
Till the goddess its bolts shall unbar ?

Udzume the singer must stand by the portal,
And sing the sweet song of all songs most entrancing ;
Perchance, at the spell of his wonderful singing,
The goddess may open the door.

And the giant of gods, the strong-armed Tajikara,
Must stand at the door of the terrible cavern,
And if she shall open to hear the sweet singing,
Must seize her, and bring her away.

Oh, never before sung Udzume the singer
A strain half so sweet as the strain he is singing !
And see, as the goddess peeps out at the portal,
She is caught in the giant's strong arms.

And in triumph the gods bear her back to her chariot ;
And soon at her loom she is weaving the sunbeams,
Which only the beautiful Amaterasu,
The sun-goddess, only can weave.

And the gods, ere they dare to return to the heavens,
For they fear some new freak of the wayward Susanos,
Arrange that forever the strong Tajikara
Shall stand at the door of the cave.

A Lesson.

" If I, a score of years ago,
Had known what time has taught me,
I need not then have wasted so
The chances they have brought me."

So I remarked. My wiser friend,
The truth I missed discerning,
Inquired, " What better way to spend
The years, than in the learning ?

" If none, then why should you complain,
That, taken at your showing,
You were not able to attain
The growth, without the growing ?"

The Open Door.

ONE morning as my task I plied,
And as my shop work grew,
The door was standing open wide,
And in a robin flew.

I watched him as he circled round ;
And on so bright a day,
I could not wonder when I found
He did not choose to stay.

How could he, when his mates outside
Sang each his merry tune,
And earth was decked in all the pride
And gladness of June ?

No note of welcome or good-by
He stopped to sing, but flew
Straight to the sash through which the sky
Revealed a glimpse of blue.

Alas, poor bird ! with all his might
He dashed against the pane ;
And, though the barrier mocked his sight,
He tried to pass in vain.

He perched, and pushed the stubborn thing
Without the least effect :
He struck it with his little wing,
With tiny beak he pecked.

And there the door was open wide,
As plain as plain could be ;
And still he staid, and still he tried :
How strange he did not see !

I watched his eager striving there
Awhile ; and, thinking then
I wasted time I ill could spare,
I plied my task again.

And, working, to myself I thought,
“ Ah, robin ! I, like you,
And more than once, in vain have sought
To reach a good in view.

“ In darkness shut, have missed the ray
That would have served to guide
My footsteps by an easy way
To liberty outside ;

“ Through conflicts that have left their scars,
Have struggled to be free
By beating at the prison-bars
I felt but could not see.”

But soon a burst of song I heard
That came from off the lawn ;
And, looking where I left the bird,
I found that he was gone.

Then to the song my fancy lent
A meaning plain as speech ;
It seemed to me 'twas his, and meant
For me, the truth to teach, —



That, though the striving be in vain,
Our joy will be the more
For having striven, if we gain
At last the open door.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

O God our Father, thou who art
Of each good gift the sender,
The homage of a grateful heart
Help each to-day to render.
We thank thee for thy truth, revealed
By prophets, poets, sages, —
Truth, not for ours alone unsealed,
But for all coming ages.

For each good thought and noble deed ;
For every inspiration
That helps us, in the hour of need,
To overcome temptation ;
For all that tends to lift us up
To truer, better living, —
For every joy in life's full cup,
To-day we keep Thanksgiving.

But most we thank thee that we trace,
Though sin has marred the features,
Thine image, Father, in the face
Of each of us thy creatures ;
And that, with thine assistance, we
May work from sin salvation,
Till to that image there shall be
A perfect restoration.

The Snowflakes.

SNOWFLAKES soft to earth descending, tell me all your story,
pray. —

“ From the ether we are wending to the earth our silent
way.

We are children of the ocean ; on his ever-heaving breast
We have tossed in fitful motion, in his depths been soothed
to rest.

When the angry winds were lashing all the sea-waves into
foam,

In the restless surges dashing we in joyance wild did
roam ;

When the calm came, and the billows softened to an easy
swell,

Resting on our foamy pillows, gently on us slumber fell :
But the sunbeams mild pursued us from the lofty azure
dome,

And persistently they wooed us till for them we left our
home.

Tenderly we were uplifted to the realm of cloud afar,
And in gentlest zephyrs drifted till we made a fleecy
car,

Which the loving sunbeams gilded with a wondrous golden
light ;

Then we helped them while they builded in the sky a rain-
bow bright.

Then, each tiny sail out-spreading, caught we every favoring
breeze,

And, the trackless currents threading of those vast aerial
seas,

Onward, upward, still we floated, till we reached the distant
height
Of the mountain summits coated with perennial robes of
white.
But the airs so sharp that met us in that clear, cold, far-off
place
Taught us that a bound was set us in the boundless realms
of space.
In their chilling grasp they held us for a while, then cast us
forth ;
And an unseen force impelled us once again to seek the
earth :
But their subtle shaping fingers to their task such aptness
brought,
That a wondrous beauty lingers in each form so deftly
wrought.
In the round that Nature sends us, as we pass our journey
through,
Fitting shape she always lends us for the work we have to do ;
For there is a work assigned us, whatsoe'er our shape may be,
Wheresoever you may find us, in the earth, the air, the sea."

A Child Asleep.

THE pet of the household, now six years old,
Has fallen asleep in the easy-chair,
With the lamplight flashing a ripple of gold
Across her ringlets of soft brown hair.
If her child-life brings her its child-world care,
From all such care she has found release ;
And she seems to me, as I see her there,
A perfect image of perfect peace.

Sometimes, in passing her playground by,
When chance has taken me round that way,
I have marked the flash of her bright blue eye,
When she was busy about her play.
I admired her then in her careless grace,
And surely I could not have then supposed
I should find new beauty upon her face,
As I see it now, with the bright eyes closed.

If, little one, I were a painter now,
And could paint you there in your sweet repose,
Your pretty lips, and your shapely brow,
And your cheek with its delicate tint of rose, —
If I only could ! I am very sure
That a famous painter I should be,
If I might preserve, so it should endure,
The charming picture that now I see.

Or, again, I could wish that there were such power,
And that it were mine, that I might forestall
The future, by naming a favored hour,
And making it for you a type of all
That shall be : I think I should choose it now,
That the peace now with you might set its seal,
So rich in blessing, upon your brow,
That only good should the years reveal.

But your destiny, darling, is shaped, I know,
By a hand unerring, a skill divine :
May you find it out, and fulfil it so
You shall need no blessing so poor as mine !
My best forecasting its end might miss,
But prophet than painter no more am I ;
So, leaving with you a good-night kiss,
With its old, best meaning, I say " Good-by."

Heir of the Ages. — The Modern Scholar.

I AM heir of the ages !
The wisdom divine
Of seers and of sages,
Is all of it mine.
From its rock-bed they brought it,
From dross made it free,
To shapeliness wrought it,
And left it for me.

They who traced to their sources,
And brought to the light,
The swift subtle forces
That hide out of sight,
From pole to equator,
For whom there was naught
That was either too great or
Too small to be sought ;

The heroes of science,
Who taught men to set
Time and space at defiance,
Hard problems who met,
Considered and solved them,
From facts deduced laws ;
Faced doubts, and resolved them,
Effect traced to cause ;

Those lords of creation,
The monarchs of thought,
From whom inspiration
The ages have caught,

Whose utterances never
Unheeded shall fall,
But ring on forever, —
I'm heir of them all !

I may follow the rules that
The great ones have taught ;
I may work with the tools that
The great ones have wrought ;
On the watch-tower they founded,
In truth, may I stand
With vision unbounded :
Oh, heritage grand !

Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

I CALL to mind a queer old man,
Whom well I knew in days of yore, —
One in his life esteemed by all,
Whom everybody used to call
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

I doubt not that he once was young,
And wore a frock and pinafore ;
But howsoever that may be,
For very many years was he
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

He was a simple-minded man,
Not versed at all in bookish lore,
For slight had been his chance at school ;
And yet not anybody's fool
Was Uncle Billy Whittemore.

A little garden-plat he tilled,
And larger crops each year it bore
Than many younger men will scratch
From off three times as big a patch,—
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

When anybody asked him how
He made it yield such goodly store,
He said, while he could use a hoe,
He didn't mean the weeds should grow,—
Shrewd Uncle Billy Whittemore.

The world his neighborhood beyond,
He cared but little to explore ;
He followed peace, and hated strife,
And loved his children and his wife,—
Old Uncle Billy Whittemore.

An honest, wholesome life he lived ;
He neither gambled, drank, nor swore,—
Unless indeed, an oath you call
That phrase of his, "Consarn it all !" —
Quaint Uncle Billy Whittemore.

He used it when he spilled his milk,
Or when his Sunday clothes he tore,
Or when his neighbors' cattle vexed ;
For sadly such mishaps perplexed
Poor Uncle Billy Whittemore.

Throughout the winter evenings long,
Before the fire at Thompson's store,
Perched on an old inverted keg,
Or on a stool that lacked a leg,
Sat Uncle Billy Whittemore.

He used to fill the old clay pipe
 He smoked a dozen years before,
 And then his locofoco match
 Across his pantaloons would scratch,
 Our Uncle Billy Whittemore.

And as he smoked, and now and then
 Expectorated on the floor,
 He heard old tales and gossip new,
 Accepting every word as true, —
 Plain Uncle Billy Whittemore.

And if a story pleased the rest,
 He always joined in the *encore* ;
 And when 'twas time to blow the light,
 Straight to his home he went each night,
 Good Uncle Billy Whittemore.

But by-and-by there came a time
 He couldn't go beyond his door ;
 And then the doctor shook his head
 When people called to him and said, —
 " How's Uncle Billy Whittemore ? "

And when, one day, the bell was tolled,
 The people counted up fourscore ;
 And still it struck, one, two, and three,
 Four, five, — then stopped. " Yes, it must be
 Old Uncle Billy Whittemore. "

Full soon his body to the grave,
 With quiet tread, the neighbors bore.
 There many years the grass has grown,
 And you may read upon the stone : —
 " Here lieth William Whittemore. "

In Memory

OF HON. EDWARD O'BRIEN, OF THOMASTON, MAINE.

*Read at the Gathering of the Descendants of Col. Thomas Starrett, held
Aug. 23, 1882.*

GATHERED in kinship here,
For one to many dear,
Mourn we to-day ;
Who fourscore years and ten
Well nigh had finished, when
Death from his fellow-men
Took him away.

Born not to place or power,
But with a richer dower, —
With a clear brain,
Hands that were skilled to do,
Heart to its purpose true ;
And so he early grew
Strong to attain.

How very few have been
Able through life to win
So much as he,
Who with such princely tread
So many rivals led,
Till his ships' sails were spread
On every sea !

But not as so much pelf,
Just to enrich himself,
Held he his store :

That which he might attain
Oft was another's gain ;
Seldom desert in vain
Knocked at his door.

Often his generous deed
Sought out the home of need,
Help to extend ;
And when he passed away,
Many could truly say
That when they lost him they
Lost their best friend.

Quiet in all his ways,
Not seeking human praise,
What his right did
Scarcely his left hand knew ;
But his example grew,
Until the light it threw
Could not be hid.

And now — his spirit passed
Unto his God at last,
His God who gave, —
His kinsmen here to-day
Proudly their tribute pay,
And their poor chaplet lay
Upon his grave.

The fisher and the Trout.

ALL day long, beside a brook
Sat a fisher, angling ;
All day long his empty hook
From his rod hung dangling.

But at last a little trout
Took the bait he flung him ;
Then the fisher pulled him out,
And ashore he swung him.

But there can be little doubt
That the thing impressed him
Very strangely, when the trout,
Looking up, addressed him : —

“Fisher, with your cruel hook
How could you deceive me?
I was happy in the brook,
Throw me back and leave me.”

“Throw away my fish, indeed,
When so much I need them !
I have many mouths to feed :
This is how I feed them.”

“But I’m such a little mite,
I shall scarce be able
To afford a single bite,
Served up for your table.

“If you count the time to cure
And the time to cook me,
You’ll be sorry, I am sure,
That you ever took me.

“But I’m young, and I shall grow,
If you will but let me ;
And — say, in a year or so —
You can come and get me.”

“You are such a pretty fish,
And so much you know, sir,
That it shall be as you wish ;
I will let you go, sir.

“But remember, when the year
Has rolled round, that I, sir,
Shall expect to meet you here ;
Until then, good-by, sir.”

Homeward did the fisher go
With an empty basket ;
Where the fish went I don't know,
So you needn't ask it.

When away a year had flown,
Did the fisher seat him
On the bank ; and now, full grown,
Came the trout to meet him.

By a something in his look
Did the fisher know him ;
And, while he prepared the hook
That he meant to throw him,

Quoth he, with his blandest smile, —
He was so elated, —
“It was surely worth my while
For you to have waited.”

“Yes,” replied the fish ; “for size
’Twould be hard to match me,
But I’ve also grown too wise
Now to let you catch me.”

Saying this, he swam away
Where the bank would screen him ;
And the fisher, who, they say,
Since then hasn't seen him, —

Said, "There's one thing that I know :
I again will never
Turn a fish adrift to grow,
Should I live forever."

The Open Wood Fire.

HUNDREDS of years, perhaps, ago,
A tiny little maple seed
Was severed from its parent tree,
And started in the world, to see
If it could find a chance to grow.

Chance, did I say? Did not the hand,
The self-same hand that clothes the grass,
That numbers of our heads the hairs,
And for the falling sparrow cares,
Direct its course, where it should land?

'Twas nicely covered up with snow,
Down in its bed of leaves and grass,
And there it lay until the spring ;
Then, when the birds began to sing,
The little seed began to grow.

It struck its rootlets in the soil,
And pushed its stem into the air,

Opened its leaflets, one and two ;
Little by little, so it grew,
And did not spin nor did not toil.

And so the seasons went and came,
Till it had grown a mighty tree,
As handsome as was ever seen,
Alike in summer's dress of green,
Or autumn's gorgeous robes of flame,

And so it stood there in its prime,
Until, one day, the woodman came,
And followed sturdy blow with blow,
Until he laid the maple low,
For every thing doth have its time.

Though bitter cold the wind may blow,
And dark without the night may be,
My maple logs are burning bright,
And warm my room with cheerful light,
And I am happy in their glow.

But every thing doth meet its fate :
The tree is ashes, man is dust ;
The flame doth waste the log to coal ;
For every race there is a goal,
And all must reach it soon or late.

Which is the better? Who can tell?
So there be beauty in the growth,
So there be profit from the waste,
What matter if we wait or haste,
Since soon or late alike is well?

The Rescue.

NOWHERE fiercer strikes the tempest than upon the coast of
Maine,

When the bitter cold of winter turns to ice the falling rain.

Heaven help the luckless vessel which the winds have borne
this way,

In among the ragged islands of our old Penobscot Bay !

Robinson, the old sea-captain, hears above the angry roar
Of the heavy breakers dashing wildly in upon the shore,

What his sailor instinct tells him can be nothing but the shock
Of a vessel tempest-driven on a cruel ledge of rock.

Nothing sees he through the darkness, but he cannot bear to
wait

While the ship is dashed in pieces with her precious human
freight.

So he gets his crew together ; and at last the dawning light
Shows them what, though not unlooked for, is a most unwelcome sight.

For off shore a little distance they discern a helpless wreck,
At the mercy of the breakers that sweep clean across her
deck

With her crew up in the rigging in that driving wind so bleak,
And a tattered Russian ensign flapping wildly from her peak.

Then the men said, " They must perish ; for if we shall launch
our boat,

With the way the sea is running, it will never keep afloat."

And one said, "Those foreign sailors, coming from the ends
of earth,
If their lives to them are precious, ours as much to us are
worth."

With a look of indignation made the captain answer then ;
"We'll forget that they are Russians, and remember they are
men."

But for taunts and for entreaties they refuse alike to stir ;
Not a man of them is willing such a hazard to incur.

Then the captain said, "If only Skipper Lewis now were
here,
He and I would show you whether there is any thing to fear.

"What we used to do when younger we at least would dare
again,
If it were but just to shame you,—you who should be
stronger men."

Out he started for the skipper, who lived two miles off or
more ;
The old skipper saw him coming, and he met him at the
door,

In his full sea-suit apparelled, like a warrior clad for fray,
Needing not to ask what brought him at such hour of such a
day.

As with his stout staff he hobbled by the sturdy captain's side,
His dark eyes flashed as the captain told how he in vain had
tried

To make up a rescue party, and that helpless crew to free
From their double deadly peril from the cold and from the
sea.

One who should have seen the skipper of a Sunday in his
pew,
Would have marked him for his meekness ; but the island
people knew

There was force beneath his quiet, and that, though now past
his prime,
There was no more daring boatman than he had been in his
time.

At the beach at length arriving, he suppressed his angry frown,
Saying, "Let us have the long-boat ready when the wind
goes down."

Then the men, all unsuspecting, to the water brought the
boat ;
One strong push the skipper gave it, on the waves it lay
afloat.

Then his heavy cane uplifting, the determined old man said,
"All aboard ! the man who flinches goes back with a broken
head."

Not one of them but would sooner brave the wrath of sea
and sky,
Than the anger that was flashing from the dauntless skipper's
eye.

At the oars they take their places, and together pull away
Through the breakers ; then the billows that are rolling up
the bay

Seize them in their sweep tremendous, and their craft would
overwhelm,
If there were a hand less skilful than the skipper's at the
helm.

Soon they reach the helpless vessel ; and the captain, at the
prow,
Grasps the rail, the oars are lifted ; lies the boat alongside
now ;

From their stations in the rigging now the chilled and fam-
ished crew
Are assisted, each man doing gladly all that he can do.

Sometimes men are slow to rally when a cry for help is heard ;
Sometimes up to an occasion must humanity be spurred ;

But, the heart once touched to pity at the sight of human
needs,
Then, as if by inspiration, are performed heroic deeds.

Now they clear the wreck in safety, now the shore in safety
reach,
And the shipwrecked men are landed carefully upon the
beach.

Hearts and homes to them are opened, till, restored to health
and strength,
Grateful to their kind preservers, for their homes they sail
at length.

Though full fourscore years have vanished since that conflict
with the waves,
And though rescuers and rescued slumber in forgotten graves,

To these island heroes' memories be the meed of honor
shown,
Due to men who save imperilled lives at hazard of their own.

Easter.

As the daylight dimly dawning telleth the approach of
morning,

Cometh Mary Magdalene, bringing spices to the tomb
Where was laid her Lord and Master ; and her throbbing
heart throbs faster,

As its outline she discerneth through the darkness and
the gloom.

But of what is this the token, that the seal they set is broken ?
And the guard they posted scattered, and the great stone
rolled away ?

Did not death of rage disarm them, or the prodigies alarm
them, —

But they now must wreak their vengeance on his dear
though lifeless clay ?

Mary, who had stood undaunted by him, when his foes had
taunted

In his agony of suffering, — him by her beloved so well, —
Now is with a new fear stricken ; and her footsteps it doth
quicken,

As she hasteth to the brethren, unto them the tale to tell.

Now in haste come John and Peter, John the first because
the fleeter ;

And, when they have seen the grave-clothes and the napkin,
they believe

That from out his earthy prison he, their Master, hath arisen :
And the word they understood not, now in fulness they
receive.

They unto their house returning, Mary, left alone there
mourning,
Looking, two fair forms beholdeth at the foot and at the
head
Where the Master late was sleeping, their angelic vigils
keeping
In the place his presence hallowed when he dwelt among
the dead.

They inquiring why she mourneth, she to them this word
returneth : —
“That his foes my Lord have taken, and have laid, I know
not where ;”
Little thinking, while she grieveth, that the One whom she
believeth
Gone from out her sight forever, standeth close beside
her there.

When he asketh why she weepeth, taking him for one who
keepeth
Watch and ward about the garden, thus she maketh haste
to say : —
“If from hence thou hast conveyed him, tell, I pray, where
thou hast laid him ;
And,” — her weakness all forgotten, — “I will take him
thence away.”

But her sorrow disappeareth when once more her name she
heareth,
Spoken in the tender accents she supposed forever
hushed ;
And the burden of her trouble vanisheth, as when a bubble
Lightly on the water floating at a single breath is crushed.

Who doth not rejoice at learning that the Christ from death
returning,
First-fruits of the resurrection that is to retrieve the fall,
First to her was manifested, who by constancy attested
That as he had most forgiven her, she loved him best
of all?

Union with God.

*"Happiness is neither within us nor without us; it is the union of the soul
with God." — PASCAL.*

Nor from within. The nature we inherit
Is so polluted and defiled with sin,
He sees but little save his own demerit,
Who looks within.

Not from without. Our intercourse with others
So oft deceives us, that we come to doubt
If there be any truth in these our brothers;
Not from without.

Not from within. For conscience makes denial
Of our pretensions as the friends of right;
We boast our courage, and in time of trial
Shrink from the fight.

Not from without. The friends whom we have tested,
They whom our confidence would not betray,
Upon whose strength our weariness has rested,
Fall by the way.

Not from within. The soul gives loath assurance
Of soul realms which it dares not to explore:
Glad, if their demons be but kept in durance
By closed door.

Not from without. For time is ever spoiling
 Alike the plans of cottagers and kings ;
 The wealth we gain at price of lifelong toiling
 Makes itself wings.

Only the soul united in endeavor
 With him who is the Lord of every sphere,
 Forward may go to any fate soever
 Without a fear.

What shall it fear? Shall it not triumph rather,
 Though fates combine, if God be on its side?
 The child the father loveth, from the father
 What can divide?

In Answer

TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT WERE ADAM'S FIRST SPOKEN WORDS?"

THEY tell a story of a son of Erin,
 Who for the first time chanced to see an owl, —
 That for some little while he and the fowl
 Each at the other stood intently peering ;
 Till Patrick said, "So solemnly he's blinking,
 And niver opening his mouth to spake,
 I dare be sworn me Bible-oath to take,
 He does be kaping up an awful thinking."

I think that Adam had, when first created,
 Like Patrick's owl, nothing at all to say,
 But much to think about from day to day,
 Until the time came round when he was mated.
 How could he talk with nobody to talk with?

His garden was a grand one, it is true ;
But is it strange that Adam lonesome grew
In its fine walks with nobody to walk with ?
He couldn't go to church, nor go to lecture :
He had no game of solitaire to play ;
And what he did to pass the time away
Is something quite beyond my poor conjecture.

Pity at last on his condition taking,
His Maker put him, we are told, to sleep ;
And from his slumber very long and deep,
Under a plantain, Milton says, awaking,
Eve stood before him, infinitely fairer
Than any woman who has since been seen ;
Created while he slept to be the queen
Of Eden, of his lot and life the sharer ;
And, seeing her, he felt the fascination
So subtle, which his sons experience still
In all its force ; and I presume they will,
Down to the very latest generation.

But how the man expressed his admiration,
It seems to me it isn't hardly fair
To ask of somebody who wasn't there,
And didn't overhear the conversation.
Nevertheless, since only your demand is
To know what was said first, I think I've read
Somewhere that something of this kind was said ;
And so your answer here at second-hand is.

He said to her, "I beg your pardon, madam,
If I somewhat presuming shall appear ;
But, since there's no one else to do it here,
I have to introduce myself, — I'm Adam."

The Song of the Plane.

ALL day beside the bench I stand,
And stoutly push my plane :
With practised eye and skilful hand
My livelihood I gain.
And thus for many years I've wrought,
Till now my hair is white ;
And while I work I think ; for thought,
I find, makes labor light.

A genuine philosopher,
Though unrenowned, am I.
Unto events as they occur
My reason I apply ;
And thoughts of comfort and of cheer
To me my work doth bring ;
And often to my listening ear
A song my plane doth sing.

Along the path of life must rough
And rugged places be,
And inequalities enough
One everywhere may see.
The rich man with ill-gotten gain
The poor man down doth strike ;
But, ah ! when Fate puts on his plane,
He planes them down alike.

One standing near its opening gate
Great things from life may hope,
And even feel that he with fate
On equal terms can cope ;

Until through failure and through pain,
And that ere very long,
He learns how keenly sharp the plane,
The force behind how strong !

As best I can I smooth my way :
The things I cannot cure,
As on I go from day to day,
I tranquilly endure.
To all the scolding of my wife,
I give but little heed ;
Full often, as we pass through life,
A smoothing-plane we need.

Death, the great leveller of all,
Will some time come to me.
I shall pretend, when he doth call,
A little deaf to be :
I know it will be all in vain ;
He will persist, and I
Will have to lay aside my plane,
And bid the world good-by.

A Confirmed Liar.

A MAN there was
Who lied because
The truth he couldn't tell ;
Known far and wide
As one who lied
Where truth would serve as well.

Lies from his tongue,
When he was young,
He as sweet morsels rolled ;
He reached fourscore,
And more and more
Atrocious lies he told.

Then taken ill,
Upon the skill
Of doctors he relied ;
And said that he
Soon well would be, —
And so, of course, he died.

Buried was he,
As all must be ;
And they who loved him best
A stone did get,
And duly set,
To mark his place of rest.

And this was what
Was on it cut : —
“ My friends, forbear to weep.
Let not a tear
Fall on my bier :
I am not dead, but sleep.”

If they forbore,
Those mourners sore,
Or not, to shed their tears,
I cannot say ;
But one that way
Came, who for many years

The man had known,
And saw the stone,
And when it caught his eye, —
“I thought,” he said,
“When he was dead,
That he would cease to lie.”

To Two Friends

WHO WENT ROWING WITH ME

You remember,
One September,
That delightful afternoon,
When despite the brisk breeze blowing
We three ventured out a-rowing —
I shall not forget it soon.

And, indeed, I should regret it
If I thought I could forget it,
’Twas so perfect of its kind.
Sea and shore were fair as could be,
We as gay as workers should be
When their work is left behind.

Without any hesitation
Did we make our embarkation,
And with steady strokes and sure
Pulled beyond the great wharf’s shelter
Where the surf tossed helter-skelter
Made a sea in miniature.

For the waves of the Atlantic,
That outside are so gigantic, —
Up here in our quiet bay,
Though their pride has had its humbling,
Sometimes get up quite a tumbling,
As they did for us that day.

Ah, what saucy ways that spray had !
Had you each been nymph or naiad,
And the olden tales been true,
And it all your lives had known you,
Do you think it could have thrown you
Daintier kisses than it threw ?

But our well-directed muscle
Came out victor in the tussle
With the winds and with the sea ;
For we pulled straight on and through it,
And almost before we knew it
We had gained the south shore's lea.

As the water in a kettle
Gradually down will settle
When beneath the fire burns low ;
So, the winds no longer roiling,
Did the surges stop their boiling,
And the surface smooth did grow.

And the searching sunbeams prying
Showed the rocks that deep down lying,
Smoothly worn, the bottom paved.
Ah, what tales on history's pages
Have been written through the ages,
While those rocks the waters laved !

Could we to their distant sources
Trace them, finding out what forces
Them from parent ledges tore ;
And what agencies conveyed them,
Through what courses, till they laid them
Where we find them on the shore, —

Learned people then we should be.
Ah ! if wisdom only could be
Had for asking, all were wise ;
Knowledge would among the cheap things
Be esteemed but for the deep things
Into which man's study pries.

Shoreward we proceeded, searching
For the star-fish and sea-urchin,
Specimens of which we sought ;
And so well our quest succeeded,
That we gathered all we needed,
Which as trophies home we brought.

And just here at this point let it —
Lest I haply should forget it —
Be remarked as an aside,
That I smile as I recall now,
Though I can't describe at all how
Those poor star-fish looked when dried.

On the beach a landing made we,
But a very brief time staid we,
For the sun was sinking low.
'Twas already well-nigh *the* time
That the landlord set for tea-time,
So we started back to row.

Stanch and strong our little ship was,
And the pleasure of our trip was
Most appropriately crowned
By your pleasant song, reminding
That we are through all the winding
Of our life-cruise homeward bound.

In this world of changes, whether
We three meet again together,
Must be left for time to say ;
But I'm sure that each with pleasure
Will the recollection treasure
Of the row we took that day.

The Frost-king and the Trees.

THE GREAT ICE-STORM, JAN. 28-29, 1888.

THE frost-king looked at the trees ; said he,
" I came last autumn, and sought to see,
How when they are dressed they look ;
But the garments of which I had heard so much,
Fell all to pieces beneath my touch,
And the wind the pieces took.

" I am tired of seeing them standing there,
With trunks uncovered and branches bare ;
I'm determined to try my hand
To show what elegant robes can be
Got up to order to fit a tree ;
'Tis a wonderful scheme I've planned."

And will you believe me if I shall tell,
How he caught the rain-drops as down they fell,
And by processes of his own,
To each massive stem, to each tiny bough,
Secured them as only he knows how,
And made them as hard as stone?

He labored under the cover of night,
Till each one carried a load which might
The heart of a tree appal,
Although the heart of a tree be tough,
And they cried in chorus, "Enough! enough!
You will certainly kill us all."

They say that up at the northern pole,
Where the frost-king has the supreme control,
That he busily plies his trade;
And the wares he into the market brings,
Snow-storms, blizzards, and such like things,
In quantities there are made.

And they also say, what I do not doubt,
That when he is busy at turning out
Say a first-class tempest or squall,
There is such a racket and roar and din,
That a boiler-factory or two thrown in
Would not be noticed at all.

And it wouldn't be strange at all if he,
Having there occasion so much to be,
Had grown very deaf indeed;
So I think it likely no single word
Of all the trees said by him was heard;
If he did hear, he did not heed, —

But kept on working, despite their pain.
Their pitiful groanings were all in vain ;
 Who that heard them can e'er forget ?
As the hours wore on, the havoc increased ;
'Twould have taken a million surgeons at least
 The broken limbs to have set.

In that realm unknown of the boreal pole,
Where he exercises supreme control,
 And nobody may intrude,
Among his possessions I much incline
To think an extensive diamond mine
 The frost-king must include.

When the winter-weather market is dull,
And so in business there is a lull
 Up there in his arctic land,
He has but to dig in his diamond ground,
Supposing diamonds there abound,
 Or at polishing try his hand.

Why are his dominions kept locked and barred
If he have not treasures up there to guard ?
 And such an immense display
Of stones so precious, could one afford,
Unless he had an enormous hoard
 Of them somewhere stored away ?

So many of them, and each so fine ;
Not a single one but was fit to shine
 In a monarch's diadem,
The very best that could be procured ;
For every one, I have been assured,
 Was a real first-water gem.

The sun, who is an observer keen,
Has wonderful sights on his journeys seen ;
 Were he to describe them, all
The books of travel that ever were penned,
Though there be of making of books no end,
 Would be by comparison small.

So, of course, it's not easy the sun to surprise ;
But that morning he scarcely believed his eyes.
 " This wonderful work," quoth he,
" I shall have to destroy at the last, I know,
But I'll leave it a couple of weeks or so
 For myself and the world to see."

But who to describe it would dare to try ?
There wasn't a tree or a shrub passed by
 As being too large or small ;
And though so many the frost-king had
To clothe, not unbecomingly clad
 Was a single one of them all.

And whenever the sunbeams made an attack
On the frost-work, the ice gems flung them back
 In sparkles of every hue
That from jewel reflected was ever seen ;
The topaz yellow, the emerald green,
 And the delicate sapphire blue, —

In all possible shades ; and the colorless light,
As clear as crystal and wondrous bright,
 Whose splendor could naught surpass.
The bending shrubs with the tall trees vied,
And where there were hedges the paths beside,
 'Twas like walking through lanes of glass.

And there was nothing found anywhere
So ugly but it had been made fair ;
One could not fail to discern
New forms of beauty most rare indeed,
Whithersoever the way might lead,
Wherever the eye might turn.

O great magician ! you took us back
To days enchanted. What did there lack
Of the world of wonderland ?
And while we were under your spell, we felt
That the fairies we read of in childhood dwelt
About us on every hand.

The Origin of the Dude.

THERE lived a man, — but I know not where,
Nor what was his name, — who engaged in trade ;
He dealt in garments for gentlemen's wear,
And excellent profits I doubt not made.
Now, he wanted a model his goods to show,
That his customers might be led to buy ;
And he said, " Men imitate her, and so
I will to Nature herself apply."

Dame Nature he in her workshop sought.
" The handsomest model I want," he said,
" That can for money or love be bought.
Can you fill the order ? " She bowed her head,
And her price she mentioned (she has but one) ;
And, of workmen promptest, she named the day
He could call for the model, and find it done ;
And the merchant, satisfied, went his way.

In Nature's workshop, — or so they tell, —
All manner of wonderful tools are found,
Adapted for doing, and doing well,
Such work as it chances may be brought round ;
And all things she does in the best of style,
And her shop in order doth always keep ;
It would be certainly worth one's while,
If one within it could take a peep !

A seamstress is she, and stitching fine
She can do, and can beautiful fabrics make ;
She knows that a stitch in time saves nine,
And that she may be ready to promptly take,
Whenever occasion shall call, such stitch, —
For there is old work as well as new, —
She wears a thimble : a habit which
With the story I'm telling has to do.

To make a model, of course, for her
Was a thing most simple ; and when 'twas done,
Save only for this, that it couldn't stir,
'Twas a man, a remarkably handsome one.
She put in his head not an ounce of brain,
And so it followed he couldn't talk,
Nor even be of his beauty vain.
The model finished, she went to walk, —

Her thimble leaving ; but when she had
Proceeded only a little way,
So happened it that her apprentice lad
Into the workshop alone did stray.
He for an apprentice was not unskilled, —
Boys into mischief are easily led, —
His mistress's thimble with brains he filled,
And put them into the model's head, —

Which sprang to being, and Dude was named.
 And if you've followed the tale, you'll see
 That Nature for him cannot be blamed,
 For she didn't mean him a man to be.
 He married ; for women are found who will
 Take dudes for husbands, and oft in life
 The brains that wouldn't a thimble fill
 Suffice for getting a man a wife.

And the fools who manage to keep well dressed,
 Of mincing manner and drawling tongue,
 That public places so much infest, —
 Their name is Legion, — from him are sprung.
 That the story is true, one must conclude,
 Because it clearly the fact explains,
 That wheresoever one finds a dude,
 He has only a thimbleful of brains.

Great Mountains do not Sink.

"Thy righteousness is like the great mountains." — Ps. xxxvi. 6.

WHEN evil doth abide,
 And faith is sorely tried,
 It does me good to think
 Of what was said to me
 By one who sailed the sea : —
 "Great mountains do not sink.

"The highest hills below
 The far horizon go,
 Until we lose them quite ;

The smaller mountains too,
Though longer kept in view,
Drop down and out of sight.

“ But the great peaks that rise
Above us in the skies,
Crowned with eternal snow,
And bathed in purest light, —
We cannot sink from sight
However far we go.

“ But as away we sail,
Before the favoring gale,
We lose them in the air ;
And, back returning, when
We come to them again,
They greet us towering there.”

When earthly things we trust,
We find them fail us just
When we their help most need ;
Riches take wings and fly ;
The trusted staff we try,
And find a broken reed.

Subject to chance and change,
However we arrange,
Calamities invade ;
Misfortunes overtake ;
Friends who do not forsake
Are powerless to aid.

Yet is there that on high,
That doth all chance defy,
And through all change endure ;

God's perfect righteousness
 Remains when nothing less
 In the wide world is sure.

And so when faith is tried,
 That evil doth abide,
 It does me good to think
 Of what was said to me
 By him who sailed the sea :—
 "Great mountains do not sink."

Pruning.

*Tuesday, May 10, 1887, the first Arbor Day appointed for the State of Maine,
 was spent by me in pruning the trees in my apple orchard.*

THROUGH all our good State's borders,
 This tenth of May,
 For so the Governor orders,
 Is Arbor Day.
 And we, the people, spend it,
 If so we please,
 As he doth recommend it,
 Setting out trees.

Now, in this way I reason :—
 That if it be
 Well that in planting-season
 One plant a tree, —
 And this we take for granted, —
 It is but fair,
 When one a tree has planted,
 For it to care.

So to my orchard go I,
And prune my trees :
My faith by works thus show I.
Softly the breeze
Sweeps from the South-land, bearing
Warmth on its wing ;
Weaving for Nature's wearing
The robe of spring.

Earth is with gladness singing
On this bright day ;
Life out of death is springing
In the old way.
Springtime, the verdure-bearer,
New every year,
Was not in Eden fairer
Than springtime here.

Where is the sage who knoweth
Why every tree
True to its nature groweth ?
Here one may see
Nodheads that, in their growing,
Order despise ;
Bellflowers, with graceful showing ;
Tall Northern Spies.

Sometimes before a tree I
Stand, puzzled quite ;
Scarce how to shape it, see I
To start it right.
If best alone to let it,
I hardly know ;
Or if to try to get it
In shape to grow.

Then a beginning make I ;
 Off branch and twig,
One, then another, take I,
 Little and big.
Though a hard task I thought it,
 At length I find
That saw and knife have wrought it
 Quite to my mind.

If trees had thought and feeling,
 More or less fine,
At such incisive dealing
 As this of mine, —
Lopping, dismembering, scraping, —
 Were it amiss,
To give one's thought a shaping
 Something like this : —

“ My limbs are grown no sooner ” —
 Might it not say ? —
“ Than doth the ruthless pruner
 Lop them away.
My strength away I'm throwing,
 And I am loath
To spend my time in growing,
 Then lose my growth.”

Our Father, the All-knowing,
 His children sees,
As in my garden growing,
 I watch my trees.
There is no chance of duping
 His watchful eye ;
He knows each Bellflower drooping,
 Each stately Spy.

Sometimes, perhaps, our growing
Seems to us good,
When unto Him the showing
Is — sò much wood ;
Then off His hand doth sever
Each wayward shoot,
For He desireth ever
Not wood, but fruit.

Trials some end are sent for,
And understood
Are so much pruning meant for
Our greatest good.
They at His will beset us,
Who best doth know
What is required to get us
In shape to grow.

A Rich Man.

KNOWN everywhere is he ;
Written, his life would be
An illustration
Of what a man may do
In a brief lifetime, who
Gives his whole being to
Accumulation.

Straight on his way he goes ;
To them he counts his foes,
No mercy shows he ;

Help unto none he lends ;
Little he cares for friends ;
Save as it serves his ends,
 No friendship knows he.

That sort of sinner who
Counts cost too closely to
 Be very vicious ;
Wealth in his coffers flows ;
For him no ill wind blows ;
And, with each day, he grows
 More avaricious.

But who can question this, —
That there a Nemesis
 Lurks in his treasure ?
For, with his heart and brain
Absorbed in getting gain,
Far more of care and pain
 Has he than pleasure.

Soon now will close his strife,
For it is plain that life
 Is near its ending ;
And what will then accrue
From what he here did do ?
That will depend on who
 Shall have the spending.

If one would truly live,
He to this thought should give
 Consideration, —
That he who doth deny
His better nature's cry,
Leaves his own soul to die
 Of slow starvation.

Howe'er he try to cheat,
Fate doth to each man mete
 Back his own measure ;
Figs, thistles never bear ;
One well may have a care
How he doth gain, and where
 Hoard up his treasure.

To ———.

LONG had I desired to see you, knowing,
As I knew so well, the tender care
That so lovingly had watched your growing.
I beheld you, and I found you fair —
Even lovelier than I thought you would be.
Did I view you with too partial eyes?
It may be so : scarce a judge one should be
Where he loves too well to criticise.
Think not that to praise you I have hasted ;
Had I tried thus my regard to show,
In so doing I my pains had wasted —
That I love you, well enough you know.

Why, then, write I? I have lately seen you
In the dawning fair of womanhood ;
And I wished that I from ill might screen you,
And might help you reach the greatest good.
And I know one best succeeds in moulding
Into symmetry his being, who,
In his heart a noble purpose holding,
In his life is to that purpose true.

Might I help you to such thought and living,
And its rich reward so might you gain,
Help though in the slightest measure giving,
I should count my labor not in vain.

Might I shape your life to my own choosing,
Should I dare to risk the shaping? No.
God's our gifts are, but our own the using.
Well, indeed, for us that it is so ;
For I doubt not God is good, and knoweth
What for each is best ; and so I say,
Whatsoever thing His hand bestoweth,
Take and use it wisely as you may.
And through seeming good or ill, sweet maiden,
Keep the loving heart you now possess ;
So your life with blessing shall be laden,
And your living other lives shall bless.

The Two Stars.

THERE are two stars in the western sky, —
One sees them after the sun hath set ;
Brighter they grow as the day doth die,
And brighter is one than the other : yet
That is a planet. The fainter one
Hath its planets, and is a sun.

Only a planet ; and yet a world,
In its orbit about the sun,
With inconceivable swiftmess whirled,
As it hath been since time begun ;
And, we fairly may apprehend,
As it will be till time shall end.

A star, a planet, a world that hath
All things that to a world belong,
Keeping through trackless space its path ;
Its part in the great celestial song,
The perfect harmony of the spheres,
Never missing throughout the years.

Having river and lake and sea,
Lofty mountain and lowly plain,
Plant and creeper and shrub and tree,
Growing, nourished by sun and rain ;
Landscapes varied with shifting phase
Of changing seasons and passing days.

And, since nothing is made for naught,
Shall we not with assurance say
Life abundant is there, and thought
There embodied that life doth sway ;
That as in this world, in that one, mind
Gaineth dominion o'er brute force blind ;

That difficult questions doth Nature ask ;
And that Science there is, like Science here,
Busily plying her self-set task,
Of rendering that which was doubtful, clear,
Applying what is already known,
And constantly making new truth her own ?

And since, wherever is thought, the will
To do the right or the wrong is free,
Must not the conflict of good and ill,
That vexeth this one, in that world be
That showeth but as a speck of light
Among the others that deck the night ?

And the star beside it, that is a sun,
Lighting and warming its realm of space,
Having its planets, — a world each one, —
And holding each in its proper place,
Shall that star of its glory boast
That is but one of a countless host?

Though the realm that it lighteth and warmeth be
Greater than man can comprehend,
It is but a drop in a mighty sea,
That hath not sounding nor shore nor end.
Imagination can fix no place
Where may be written : " Here endeth space."

O Thou, the Maker who made the sky
And all it holdeth ; thy children small,
By vastness dazzled, for refuge fly
To thee, whose greatness exceedeth all ;
And when before thee we humbly kneel,
That thou art near us, our spirits feel.

We find thee not in the great alone ;
We see the wisdom and love and power
That is in a world's creation shown,
In perfect finish of wayside flower ;
And Nature witnesseth everywhere
Thy loving kindness and tender care.

Thy word the worlds into being spake ;
Thou dost all motion through space control ;
In thine own image thou man didst make.
Thou art a spirit, man hath a soul ;
And the soul of man, though it finite be,
Is more than matter, and nearer thee.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

TRANSLATIONS.

True Love.

FOLK SONG.

HEART'S-LOVE, my treasure, a thousand times mine !
Give to none other thy favor divine ;
Come there another, though fairer he be,
Heart's-love, my treasure, remember thou me.

Never are roses so fragrant and sweet
As on bushes when lovers beside them meet ;
And never is kindled its fire so hot,
As when love the lover discloseth not.

Hidden not always can true love be,
From fetters the strongest it breaketh free.
If the sky were covered with paper white,
And if every star in it knew how to write, —

They might write from sunset to break of day,
And fail to tell all my heart would say,
Thou dearest and best, who art possessed
Of love, and of all love holdeth best !

House Snail; Snail House.

FISCHART.

THE snail doth take, as every one knows,
Her house round with her wherever she goes ;
And the human race, the opinion prevails,
Learned the house-building art from snails.

When the wife goes out, let her take good care
The house about in her mind to bear ;
Let her not hang it a nail upon,
And never think of it while she's gone.

The woman should in the house abide,
And work while the man doth work outside ;
Nor doth it disgrace her more than if she
Dwelt in a beehive, and were queen bee, —

Who stays in the house the whole day through,
And lets the others the flying do.
Why should the woman to go out wish ?
Out of the water one can't keep fish ;

And the snail will die, it is known full well,
If she be taken away from her shell.
Then, wives, take warning, nor go away
For very long from the house to stay !

The Song of Trust.

FLEMING.

LET not grief perplex thee
And vex thee,
 But still be ;
Unto God's mind
Ever resigned,
 My will, be.

Why shouldst thou for the morrow
Care borrow ?
 One liveth,
Who all doth feed ;
What thou dost need,
 He giveth.

Have faith, then, in his favor,
Nor waver.
 Possessed be
Of steadfast trust ;
What God doth, must
 The best be.

The Greatest Good.

LOGAU.

EACH man doth seek to be possessed
Of that which he esteemeth best ;
But he the greatest good attaineth,
These four things for himself who gaineth : —

God for his friend,
 A loving wife,
 A healthful life,
 A happy end.

Slander.

GLEIM.

THE fox said to the lion, "It were vain
 One's indignation longer to restrain
 At such mean knavery.
 At your good name the ass vile slander brays ;
 What there is in you I can find to praise.
 He does not see ; as for your bravery
 He has his doubts, nor will to me admit
 That you have goodness, greatness, strength or wit ;
 You steal, you break the peace ; in short, he says,
 He does not love you, and he will not praise."
 A while the lion stood, then answered he,—
 "He says all this? Well, so then let it be.
 I never fret at what an ass may say :
 It does not pay."

The Worst Vice.

GLEIM.

WHEN once the vices were divided
 As to which served the Devil best,
 Hypocrisy, it was decided,
 Excelled in mischief all the rest.

My Little Hut.

GLEIM.

ONLY a little hut have I ;
There is a brook that runs hard by ;
It stands upon the meadow lea.
Wilt thou go in with me ?

A tree that spreads its branches wide
My little hut doth almost hide ;
The storm, the wind, the driving rain,
Seek to come in, in vain.

A nightingale up in the tree
Doth sing her sweetest song to me ;
And every passer drawing near
Pauses a while to hear.

Thou little one with locks of blond,
Inspirer of my fancy fond,
The wind blows chill across the lea.
Wilt thou go in with me ?

The Maiden to the Roses.

GOETZ.

ROSES ! Ah, my lover told me,
When you should again appear,
That his arms again should hold me ;
And, alas ! he is not here.

Roses, daughters dear of Venus,
Save his honor and my peace !
Come, I pray you, not between us.
Roses, let your blooming cease !

The Ass's Consolation.

CLAUDIUS.

I HAVE nothing on which to pride me.
That I'm ugly, need not be told ;
I am neither strong nor bold ;
They look at me but to deride me, —
The people both young and old ;
I am neither hot nor cold.

I have nothing on which to pride me.
That I'm ugly, need not be told ;
And decent food is denied me ;
I under the sack grow old.
Nor can I think of any thing, to save me,
Except my pretty voice, that nature gave me.

The Reclaimed Pouth.

HERDER.

WELL it is to find a richly gifted
Human soul ; to keep that soul is better :
It is best of all, and it is hardest,
To reclaim to truth a soul lost to it.

Back returning from the isle of Patmos,
Good St. John was, as before his going,
Pastor of the flocks, and while appointing
Under-shepherds, still himself he watched them.

And in one he saw a youth of promise,
One who was possessed of health and beauty,
One whose eyes, despite their loving glances,
In their flash a soul of fire betokened.

"Take this young man," said he to the bishop,
"Into thine own house, and answer for him
On thy truth, and let the congregation
Witness be before our Lord between us."

So into his house the bishop took him,
Taught him ; in his mind discerned the blossoms
Of the richest fruit ; but, careless growing,
To himself too much the youth he trusted.

And this freedom proved a snare unto him.
He was flattered, flattery enticed him.
Indolent he grew, and fond of pleasure ;
Then grown worse, deceit commenced to practise ;
Then, his love of leadership impelling,
Led into the woods his young companions,
Made them robbers, and became their captain.

To that place St. John again returning,
The first question that he asked the bishop
Was, "Where is my son?" The bishop answered, —
"Dead." — "When did he die, and wherefore died he?" —
"Dead to God. He is (with tears I tell it)
Captain of a prowling band of robbers."

"That youth's soul," St. John said, "I committed
To thy keeping. Tell me now, where is he?" —
"Yonder on the mountain." — "I must see him."
Scarce the wood had the apostle entered,
Ere the robbers took him — so he meant it.
"Lead me," said he to them, "to your captain."

So they did, and the young man, beholding
Who it was that came, for shame turned from him.
Then St. John called to him, "Son, oh, flee not
From thy father who, unarmed and aged,
Cometh here to save thee! I have promised
Thee to God, and for thee I must answer.
I would give, and I would give it gladly,
For thy life mine own; but, oh, I cannot,
Cannot lose thee, son, for I have pledged thee
With mine own soul, unto God have pledged thee."

Weeping then, his arms about the old man
Threw the youth, and, covering his features,
Dumb and motionless he stood; for answer
From his eyes a flood of tears came pouring.

And for years they were inseparable
From each other; and the youth's fair features
By St. John's own spirit were illumined.

Say, what was it that the youth's heart conquered,
That so understood it, held fast to it,
In its lost condition found and saved it?
Love and constancy, and truth and trusting,
And a St. John's faith, alone could do it.

The Lark.**HERDER.**

GREETINGS unto thee, up to heaven that soarest ;
Of song the mistress, and herald of the springtime,
Our warmest greetings, dear lark, we give thee ;
Thou dost both teach us to sing and live.

Friend of the dayspring, to labor sweet inspirer ;
The fields with music filling, the swains thou dost awaken.
Slumber from the eyelids cheerfully they banish,
When to them sweetly the glad lark sings.

Thou dost the hand of the ploughman strengthen,
To his morning song thou the keynote givest : —
“Wake thou and sing, my heart, for thankfulness ;
Wake thou and sing, my heart, for joy.”

Thou art the sun's bride, and callest the creation ;
It rouses up, refreshed, from the long sleep of winter ;
And the stately trees with wonder, thy song above them
hearing,
Hasten to array them in their new-made robes of green.

The twigs begin to swell, and soon unclothe the leaf-buds ;
And straightway the foliage has come to hear thy singing,
And we listen to the birds, in nests new builded, cooing,
And practising, with trembling voice, the songs they used to
sing.

O hardy lark, how much it doth rejoice thee,
When gladden earth the springtime's earliest glances,
To raise thyself above applause and envy,
And, lost to sight, the ravished ear to fill !

Impetuously thou mountest to the heavens,
Soon modestly again to earth thou slippest,
Humbly a while upon the ground dost nestle,
Then on glad wing seekest the clouds once more.

Heaven loaned to thee, O lark so brave and modest,
Who soarest high above applause and envy,
Who art of humble toil the sweet inspirer, —
Heaven loaned to thee that wondrous voice of thine ;

Thy song unwearied, cheerful, soul-inspiring,
Thy lay of gladness, thy long-lasting springtime.
The nightingale herself — of song the goddess —
Her singing stops, and leaves the field to thee.

Her lay so sweet, the song of love and longing,
Is all too short ; it dieth while we listen.
Thy song of joy, thy anthem of devotion,
Thy lay of labor, hath a springtime long.

The Emperor and the Abbot.

BÜRGER.

I WILL tell you a tale that is ludicrous — very.
There once was a monarch, facetious and merry ;
And an abbot as stupid as stupid can be, —
Hans Bendix, his shepherd, was brighter than he.

The emperor toiled both in hot and cold weather ;
He could sleep in his tent for a whole week together ;
On black bread and sausage and water could fare,
Or hunger and thirst on occasion could bear.

The abbot cared little, so he were but able
To lie long in bed, and to sit long at table.
Like a full moon his face shone ; and he was so fat,
It took three to reach round him — good reachers at that.

It suited the monarch the abbot to worry.
One day, with his suite, in no great of a hurry,
He rode by the abbey. In front of his door
The abbot was waddling — just moving, no more.

Quoth the emperor, "What a most fortunate meeting!"
Then he halted, and called, with irreverent greeting, —
"God's servant, how goes it? It's easy to see
That fasting and prayer with you don't disagree.

"Though cruel it seem to disturb your enjoyment,
Yet I think your great powers should have fitting employ-
ment ;
For of you 'tis said — and I doubt not 'tis so —
That you are so bright, you can hear the grass grow.

"In short, you're a man of good parts, and great learning.
In exactly three months I shall pass here, returning :
I shall leave your stout jaws three good hard nuts to crack ;
You will do well to break them before I get back.

"And first, you must tell, without any evasion,
When I am arrayed for a great state occasion,
In such style as becomes my position and birth,
To exactly a penny how much I am worth.

"Next, you shall inform me, when mounted and riding
My charger — the same which I now am bestriding —
To precisely a minute (I doubt not you know)
How long round the world it will take me to go.

“ And, third, I shall ask you to tell, without shrinking,
Of what, at the time, I may chance to be thinking ;
And, if you shall fail in the slightest degree,
I’ll tell you just what will the consequence be.

“ You will find that as surely as abbot I made you,
So surely will I from your high place degrade you ;
You shall ride back and forth on an ass, through the land,
With your back to his head, and his tail in your hand.”

At dread of exposure, a wretched defaulter,
Or a felon condemned, at the thought of the halter,
Could scarce than the abbot feel greater dismay,
As from him the monarch rode chuckling away.

To one, two, three, four universities went he :
His gold and his silver unsparingly spent he ;
But the dons, though renowned for their learning and brains,
Could give him no help in return for his pains.

When Time, on his journey remorselessly speeding,
Not a moment his dreadful perplexity heeding,
Brought round the three months with no answer prepared,
He saw all sorts of colors, so much was he scared.

At last his poor courage entirely forsook him,
And away to the woods and the fields he betook him ;
And there, in a stony, secluded retreat,
Hans Bendix, his shepherd, he happened to meet.

“ Herr Abbot,” Hans Bendix cried, “ what is the matter ?
Good sooth ! I have seen you a monstrous sight fatter.
What has caused your dimensions so greatly to shrink ?
Why, somebody must have bewitched you, I think ! ”

"Alas, good Hans Bendix, I'm sorely afflicted !
Our emperor, sadly to joking addicted,
Has given me to crack — and now near the time draws —
Three nuts, quite too tough for Beelzebub's jaws.

"For first I must tell, without any evasion,
When he is arrayed for a great state occasion,
In such style as becomes his position and birth,
To exactly a penny how much he is worth.

"And next, I must tell him, when mounted and riding
The charger he three months ago was bestriding,
To precisely a minute (and how shall I know?)
How long round the world it will take him to go.

"And third, he requires me to tell, without shrinking,
Of what, at the time, he may chance to be thinking;
And if I shall err in the slightest degree,
Then his sorest displeasure will fall upon me.

"He says, that as surely as abbot he made me,
So surely will he from my high place degrade me ;
Back and forth I must ride on an ass through the land,
With my back to his head, and his tail in my hand."

"Is that all?" Hans Bendix said, cunningly grinning.
"To deal with such questions is easy as sinning.
Just lend me your gown, and your hood, and your cross ;
To answer them I shall not be at a loss.

"Though ignorant I of your heathenish Latin,
I know how to get the dog out, and the cat in.
The wit you of wise men for gold could not buy,
That from my good mother inherited I."

From the face of the monk quickly vanished the sadness,
And he capered about as a boy does for gladness ;
While Bendix, in cross, hood, and mantle arrayed,
His way to the cloister right speedily made.

Already the monarch had come ; and he found him
Crowned, sceptred, and robed, with his counsellors round
him.

" Now tell me, Sir Monk, who with knowledge dost cram,
How much am I worth — take me just as I am ? "

" For just thirty florins the Lord Christ was traded :
And for you, and the finery you have paraded,
Just twenty and nine the appraisal shall be —
You're at least of a florin less value than he. "

" Hum ! " muttered the monarch. " The thing is well stated ;
But my pride, I confess, is a trifle abated,
In response to my question, to be made to know
That by logic so good I am rated so low. "

" And now, please to tell me, when mounted and riding
My charger, — the same which I now am bestriding, —
To a minute precisely, if so near you know,
How long round the world it will take me to go. "

" If you shall the hours of the morning not idle,
But your steed in good season shall saddle and bridle,
And shall start with, and then shall keep pace with, the sun,
In just twice twelve hours will the whole thing be done. "

" Ha ! ha ! " laughed the monarch. " The thing is too
funny. "

With *ifs* and with *buts*, men of straw can make money.
It's not at all strange you can do it, indeed,
If with *ifs* and with *buts* you can fodder your steed.

"But go on and tell — and a truce to your fooling,
Or you'll ride on an ass in despite of your schooling —
What I'm thinking, and whether it's false or is true ;
And this time an *if* or a *but*, sir, won't do."

"You think I'm the abbot." — "No question about that ;
'Twould be doubting my senses if I were to doubt that." —
"Your servant, it isn't the truth, but a lie ;
Not the abbot, but Bendix, his shepherd, am I."

"Not the abbot ! Why, zounds !" cried the monarch,
astounded ;
Then he looked at the shepherd a while, quite dumbfounded ;
Then he said, "By my crown and my sword, you shall be
Henceforward the abbot, if you are not he."

"I'll invest you with staff, and with ring, and with gavel.
Let the old abbot mount on his donkey, and travel ;
It may do him some good, if it teach him to know
That the man who shall reap is the man who can sow."

"Your pardon, Herr Emperor ! Now you have caught me.
To read, write, or reckon, no one ever taught me ;
Not a scrap of your dead-and-gone Latin I know ;
And old Jack can't pick up what Jacky let go."

"Alas, my good Hans ! That is sad beyond measure ;
But ask me for any thing else at your pleasure,
For right well I like you ; so please understand,
That what mine is to give is now yours to command."

"For my own wants, great monarch, I need but a little,
And I ask for myself not a jot nor a tittle ;
But I ask you to pardon the abbot, for he
Has been, through my life, a good master to me."

"He has a good servant, no better one could be ;
Your heart, like your head, Hans, is just where it should be.
That I pardon your master, you ask ; be it so ;
But your cleverness not unrewarded shall go.

"For in granting his pardon, I make this condition, —
That he get a new servant to fill your position ;
And that what you may ask for he always shall give,
Without charge or question, so long as you live."

The Treasure Seekers.

BÜRGER.

A VINTNER, near his death who lay,
Called to his sons, and thus did say : —
"A treasure in our vineyard lies ;
Dig for it." Eager for the prize,
"Where is it ?" all the children said.
"Dig for" — Alas ! the man was dead.

The father scarce away was laid,
Before with mattock, hoe, and spade,
The sons began with all their might
To dig, to bring their store to light.

They tore apart each tiny clod ;
They left at rest no single sod ;
Sifted the earth, and raked it too, —
In short, did every thing they knew ;
And, finding nothing anywhere,
Gave up at last quite in despair.

But soon another year came round,
And then the sons astonished found
In autumn that their vineyard bore
Three times as much as e'er before ;
And now, their father's meaning clear,
They find new treasure every year.

Elegy on a Peasant Maiden.

HÖLTY.

MOURNFULLY and sad the bells are tolling
In the mossy church-tower up above ;
Down the people's cheeks the tears are rolling,
While the grave is dug for one they love ;
And within, — her burial-ropes upon her, —
And a crown of blossoms in her hair,
Lieth gentle Rose whom all did honor,
Fairest maiden of the fair.

They who well did love her gather weeping,
Thinking now of song and dance no more,
Gather round her as she lieth sleeping ;
Never looked she lovelier before.
Never maiden tears did better merit
Than she who so softly doth repose ;
Never went to heaven purer spirit
Than the soul of gentle Rose.

Fair she was upon a summer morning,
As she stood before the cottage door ;
Meadow-blossoms were her sole adorning ;
She one violet in her bosom wore.

Zephyrs fanned her, blowing softly near her ;
For her drawing-room the grove she took ;
And the crystal spring, it was her mirror ;
And she painted from the brook.

In her rosy cheeks and glances ever
Shone modesty as open as the day ;
And the precious angel, Innocency, never
From the lovely shepherd maiden turned away.
A sister kind she was, a loving daughter ;
Of all the household cares she bore her part ;
Of the young swains, in marriage many sought her,
And to one she gave her heart, —

To her William. At the season of the keeping
The festival that ushers in the spring,
When the sunlight through the foliage was creeping,
Then together would they dance and sing ;
And her cottage-home at time of harvest quitting,
His reaping-hat she decked with ribbons bright ;
And beside him on the wheat-sheaves sitting,
With her smile made his labor light.

And then would she follow him while mowing,
And the grain would bind, our pretty Rose,
Till the sun, the shadows slantwise throwing,
Brought the long summer day to a close.
And a love as her own as strong was given :
His dream she was by night, his smile by day.
Do the angels that dwell up in the heaven
Love more truly than did they ?

Now slowly are the death-bells ringing,
Now starts the long procession to the grave.
Oh, sadly sweet the song that they are singing !
Oh, mournfully the death-plumes wave !

It is all in vain that William trieth
His pent-up feelings to control :
On the snow-white winding-sheet he dryeth
The tears down his cheeks that roll.

Gentle spirit, peaceful be thy slumbers ;
Undisturbed forever may'st thou rest.
Sing, O nightingale, thy sweetest numbers,
While the twilight lingers in the west !
Softly, winds, as if on harp-strings blowing,
Breathe above her mound the blossoms through.
In the linden boughs above her growing,
Softly, ye turtle-doves, coo.

The Old Farmer to his Son.

HÖLTY.

TAKE nothing that thou dost not earn,
Mean all that thou dost say,
Nor dare a finger's breadth to turn
Aside from God's highway.

So shall the course that thou dost run
Through pleasant places lie ;
So shalt thou, when thy work is done,
Look Death straight in the eye.

To him light is the reaping-hook,
From right who has not swerved ;
Glad sings he by the running brook
As where the wine is served.

The wicked man is called to bear
A heavy load at best :
His vices drive him here and there,
And will not let him rest.

Not for him smiles the springtime fair,
Nor harvest-fields of grain ;
Nothing but gold, — nor doth he care
How he that gold doth gain.

The wind that whistles through the tree
Strikes terror to his breast :
After a life of striving, he
Finds in the grave no rest.

Then nothing take thou dost not earn,
Mean all that thou dost say,
Nor dare a finger's breadth to turn
Aside from God's highway.

And grandchildren shall come and weep
Their tears upon thy tomb ;
And summer flowers, where thou dost sleep,
From out those tears shall bloom.

Goodman and Goodwife.

GOETHE.

TO-MORROW Martinmas will be :
The goodwife loves her man,
And she hath baked him puddings three,
All in her baking-pan.

To bed they go, but ere their eyes
They close, the wind full sore
Begins to blow. Saith goodman, "Rise,
Goodwife, and bolt the door."

Little her lord the goodwife fears ;
Defiantly saith she, —
"The door will wait a hundred years,
If it must wait for me."

A whispered compact did they make ;
'Twas neither less nor more,
Than that the first aloud who spake
Should rise and bolt the door.

At midnight hour or thereabout,
There came two travellers near.
The fire was low, the lamp was out,
Naught could they see or hear.

Of life there came no sound nor sign,
As round they did explore.
The reason they could not divine ;
In fact, 'twas in the door.

They ate the goodwife's puddings three,
Of which she was so proud ;
Much to herself the while spake she,
But not a word aloud.

Then one remarked, "So far 'tis well,
But now my throat is dry ;
The spirit cupboard I can smell ;
To find it I shall try.

"Ha ! Here I have a flask of wine,
That well will serve our need ;
I'll drink your health while you drink mine,
Well doth our venture speed."

Then fiercely sprang the goodman up,
And thus began to say, —
"The villain who my wine doth sup,
Well for my wine shall pay."

And then the goodwife's voice was heard,
As she sprang to the floor, —
"Goodman, you've spoke the first loud word,
Now you can bolt the door."

The Brook.

GOETHE.

O BROOK ! so silver-bright and clear,
That hurriest ever past me here,
Absorbed I stand, and watch thy flow ;
Whence dost thou come ? Where dost thou go ?

"In depths of rock I have my source ;
Through flowers and moss I take my course ;
And ever show I in my glass
The bright blue heaven as on I pass.

And so a child's glad heart I bear ;
It drives me forth, I know not where ;
One called me from the stone, and he
My guide throughout I trust will be."

Happy and Wretched.

GOETHE.

HAPPY and wretched,
Joyous and pensive,
Hurried and worried
And apprehensive ;
To heaven exulting,
To death depressed,—
The soul that loveth,
Alone is blessed !

Fortune.

GOETHE.

WHY in vain attempts to catch her
Dost thou compass sea and land ?
Fortune, if thou canst but snatch her,
Ever bideth close at hand.

Consolation in Tears.

GOETHE.

“WHEN all around are joyful, why
Is it so sad with thee,
That they who look thee in the eye
The trace of tears may see ?”

"And if alone to weep I go,
 'Tis that alone I grieve ;
The tears adown my cheeks that flow,
 My sorrowing heart relieve."

"Glad friends about thee, thee accost ;
 Come with us to the light ;
And whatsoever thou hast lost,
 Will we thy loss requite."

"But all in vain my friends accost,
 And try my grief to heal ;
Ah, no ! there's nothing I have lost,
 Though sore the pain I feel."

"Then haste and dry thee up thy tears.
 Thou hast of youth the fire ;
Strength should be with thee at thy years,
 And courage to acquire."

"Ah, no ! acquirement's not for me,
 I view it from afar :
As high it looks, and fair to see,
 As yonder beauteous star."

"The stars, though far above man's reach,
 May yet his soul delight,
And wholesome lessons to him teach,
 With every pleasant night."

"I shall their inspiration keep
 For many a happy day ;
But let me have the night to weep,
 When weep alone I may."

. found.

GOETHE

INTO the forest one day I went,
Seeking for nothing, on naught intent.

A dainty blossom there met my sight ;
It shone like a star, or an eye that's bright.

I stooped to seize it. It said to me,
"Will you pluck me, and let me withered be?"

With tenderest care the plant I dug
With its tiny rootlets ; I packed it snug, —

And took it with me, and planted it where
It can always show me its beauty rare.

The Beloved Ever Near.

GOETHE

I THINK of thee oft as the sun's bright shimmer
Falls on the sea ;
When on the lake I see the moon's soft glimmer,
I think of thee.

I see thee though the dust upon the highway
The air doth fill ;
In the dark night, upon the narrow byway,
I see thee still.

I hear thy voice when the wild waves are bounding
In fierce career ;
And through the stillness of the forest sounding,
Thy voice I hear.

I am by thee, though thou may'st have no inkling
That I am near.
Now sets the sun, the stars will soon be twinkling :
Would thou wert here !

To Nature.

STOLBERG.

HOLY Nature, mother sweet,
Thee with joy I ever greet.
By thy hand would I be led,
In thy footsteps I would tread.

When with labor wearied, I
Would upon thy bosom lie ;
Breathing in the heavenly air
Of thy presence, mother fair.

Oh, so kind thou art to me !
I thy child will ever be, —
Thee with joy will ever greet,
Holy Nature, mother sweet !

The Miser.

BLUMAUER.

A MISER once into a stream did fall.

He could not swim. A fisher who was near him
Plunged in to save him, and to him did call,

"Give me your hand." No sooner did he hear him,
The last time sinking, than the miser frowned,
And said, "I can't give any thing," and — drowned.

The Knight of Toggenburg.

SCHILLER.

"TRUEST sister love give I thee,
More to ask is vain ;
Do not urge me ; to deny thee
Would but give me pain.
I've admired thy quiet bearing,
Watched thee come and go.
Leave me not, I pray thee, wearing
Such a look of woe."

Not a word the knight addressed her,
Palsied was his tongue ;
To his bosom once he pressed her,
On his horse he sprung,
Gathered his retainers straightway,
And with sword in hand
Marched through his ancestral gateway
For the Holy Land.

Every form of danger braving,
Rode the gallant knight ;
Always was his crest seen waving
In the thickest fight ;
Breach there was none where he dared not
Venture his strong arm,
And the life for which he cared not
Seemed to bear a charm.

But the face his thoughts that haunted
Homeward bade him go, —
He who had with mien undaunted
Met the bravest foe ;
When a ship her anchor weighing
He at Joppa found,
Sprang aboard, and, farewell saying,
Soon was homeward bound.

But alas ! too late he started.
When he stood once more
From the maiden where he parted,
By the castle door, —
“ Never more shalt thou behold her,”
Thus the porter said ;
“ Cloister walls to-day enfold her :
She to God is wed.”

Henceforth of his stately castle
Had the knight no need ;
Nevermore he summoned vassal,
Never mounted steed ;
Faithful sword and armor trusty,
Burnished nevermore,
Hanging on the wall grew rusty,
Hair-cloth while he wore.

From the hut he had erected
Near the cloister, he
Could, whenever he elected,
Her small window see ;
Looking upward to the grating,
Speaking not a word,
Every day he sat there waiting
Till a sound he heard.

Never came the sound so faintly
That he failed to hear,
Then he watched to see the saintly
Maid he loved appear ;
While her eye the beauteous vision
Of the vale did trace,
He, with joy that seemed elysian,
Gazed on her fair face.

This his only consolation ;
When she turned away,
Lived he in anticipation
Of another day.
Thus for years he sat there waiting,
Speaking not a word,
Looking upward to the grating
Till the sound he heard, —

That, though sounding ne'er so faintly,
Always caught his ear ;
Till he saw the maiden saintly
Whom he loved appear.
And one day a corpse they found him,
In the morning chill,
With his mantle wrapped around him,
Looking upward still.

The Four Brothers.

SCHILLER.

FOUR brothers there are, well known, well known,
Each year through the land they go ;
And each of them always comes alone,
The gifts he brings to bestow.

The first is a youth of frolicsome air ;
His mantle is brightest blue ;
With leaves and with blossoms fragrant and fair
Doth he ever his pathway strew.

The second brings with him both sunshine and showers
To gladden the hillside and plain ;
He scatters about him the full-blown flowers,
And harvests the ripened grain.

The third one with him abundance brings
The kitchen and barn to fill ;
His gifts are the sweetest, most luscious things
From valley and grove and hill.

With roar that deafens, and breath that blinds,
Through the land doth the fourth one go ;
The wood and the meadow he empty finds,
And covers them deep with snow.

Now, who are the brothers that come and go,
Each chasing the other away ?
There is not a child that does not know,
And, therefore, I need not say.

Longing.**SCHILLER.**

FROM the vale whose dark walls bind me,
With the cold, cold mists oppressed,
Could I but a way out find me,
I would count myself how blessed !
Hills, so fair the sight doth make me
Long to reach them, greet my eye :
Had I but the wings to take me,
Oh how gladly would I fly !

I can hear soft music ringing
Sweetly in that heavenly air,
And the winds come to me bringing
Perfumes delicate and rare ;
Golden fruitage see I glow there
In the darker foliage tossed,
And the flowers divine that blow there
Fear not any winter's frost.

In the sunshine, soft yet clear there,
Every thing is fair to see ;
And the perfect atmosphere there,
How refreshing must it be !
But the stream between is pouring :
Little now my wish avails,
For so loud the waves are roaring.
That, alas ! my courage fails.

By the bank a boat is lying,
Though the eye no boatman sees ;
And, the motive power supplying,
Swells the sail the favoring breeze.
Though no pledge the gods will make thee,
Put thou forth in faith thy hand :
'Tis a wonder that must take thee
To the beauteous wonderland !

The Cherry-Tree.

HEBEL.

IN early spring God spake the word, —
“Prepare the insect’s banquet now.”
The cherry-tree the summons heard,
And decked with leaves each tiny bough.

The insect in the little cell,
In winter where he safely lies,
As one who hears his breakfast-bell,
Got up and rubbed his sleepy eyes, —

Until he had them open quite ;
And as from leaf to leaf he flew,
Pronounced them, when he took a bite,
The sweetest leaves that ever grew.

Then the good Father spake once more :
“Now spread the board to feast the bee ;”
And, even quicker than before,
In bloom was clad the cherry-tree.

"Ha ! ha !" called out the bee, "I think
There's danger of my getting vain,
If I my coffee am to drink
From out a cup of porcelain."

Then for the tree he spread his wing,
And from the flower-cup took a sip ;
"Sugar," I'm sure, "is cheap this spring,"
The bee remarked, and smacked his lip.

And when the bloom of spring was o'er,
And summer came, the Father said :
"The table must be set once more ;
This time the sparrow shall be fed."

It may be that the sparrow heard ;
At any rate he came to see,
And said, "I am a lucky bird,
I wonder if they're all for me."

He didn't stop to question long,
But straightway he commenced to eat ;
And then he sang his richest song,
To pay for such a luscious treat.

The autumn days came round at last ;
The Father spake : "They all are fed."
Down came the chilling mountain blast,
And changed the leaves to gold and red ;

And they were stripped from off the tree,
And trodden under foot of men ;
For that which comes from earth must be
Unto the earth returned again.

In winter time the good God said :
" O'er what is left, let snow be spread."
So earth was warmly blanketed.

The Little Stars.

ARNDT.

SWEPT the lordly sun in his course of pride
Round the world.
Spake the little stars, " Let us with thee ride
Round the world."
Said the sun, " No, little stars, stay at home :
I should burn your bright eyes, should you with me roam
In my fiery course round the world."

To the moon the little stars made their way
In the night :
" Thou, who over the clouds dost thy sceptre sway
In the night,
Let us wander with thee, for thy milder rays
Will not dazzle our eyes as at thee we gaze."
So she let them attend her by night.

Bright stars and sweet moon, I love you well
In the night.
You know what thought in the heart doth dwell
In the night.
My soul I yield to your gentle sway ;
Let me roam with you, let me with you play
In the friendly play of the night !

Castle Boncourt.

OHAMISSO.

I DREAM of the days of my childhood,
And I shake my old gray head.
How have ye come back, ye pictures
That I thought had long since fled?

High over its shadowy hedges
Doth the castle glistening show ;
The battlements strong, and the turrets,
The bridge and the gate, I know.

As I near them, the sculptured lions
Look familiarly down at me ;
I enter into the courtyard,
It is just as it used to be.

There lieth the sphinx by the fountain ;
The fig-tree with fruit doth teem ;
There behind yon vaulted windows
I dreamed my earliest dream.

My ancestors' graves I visit,
In the chapel sombre and chill ;
And the swords, which in life they carried,
From the pillars are hanging still.

But in through the colored windows
So dazzlingly cometh the light,
That my eyes are dim, and I cannot
Read the old inscriptions right.

Ye stand, O halls of my fathers !
Stand fast in my memory now,
Though ye long from the earth have vanished,
And over ye runs the plough.

Be fruitful, ye dear old acres ;
My blessing be with you still ;
And yield ye a double harvest,
Whosoever the hand to till !

As for me, your luckless minstrel,
I must take my harp in my hand,
And throughout the wide world wandering,
Sing my songs from land to land.

The Top of the Giant Child.

CHAMISSO.

BURG NIEDECK is in Alsace, and many tales are told
About the giant's castle there in the days of old.
It long ago has fallen ; the place is waste and bare ;
And if you ask for giants, there are no giants there.

The giant's child was suffered, one pleasant summer day,
Without a nurse to watch her, about the gates to play ;
Soon down the hill she scampered, in eager haste to see
What sort of world that other below her own might be.

With giant strides and hasty, she crossed the wood, and
then
She passed across the border into the land of men ;
And then the towns and cities and fields, that met her view,
Had all the fascination of things entirely new.

Soon chancing to look downward she saw, right at her feet,
A peasant making ready his field to sow his wheat ;
The little creature crawling to her did strange appear,
And the ploughshare glistened brightly, for the sun was
shining clear.

"You pretty things, I want you," with glee the child did
shout ;
Then, stooping down beside them, she spread her apron out,
And reached her arm around them as away they would have
crept,
And oxen, plough, and peasant into her apron swept.

Then she hurried to the castle, — what children are, you
know, —
Eager at home the treasure which she had found to show.
"Dear father, see my playthings !" she shouted with delight ;
"The prettiest ones that ever were seen upon our height."

The giant at his table had seated him to dine ;
He turned toward the maiden, gulping his draught of wine,
And lazily he answered, "What plaything can it be
That pleases you so greatly, my darling? let me see."

Her apron now she opens, and lifting out with care
The oxen, plough, and peasant, with most triumphant air,
Before him on the table in order each she stands,
And jumps about for pleasure, and laughs, and claps her
hands.

The giant's brow was clouded, he sternly shook his head :
"If there had been no peasants, then you would have no
bread.
That peasants are not playthings, 'tis time that you should
learn,
And that which you have taken, you must at once return.

"Now haste, without a murmur, and my commands fulfil,
And henceforth leave the peasants in peace their fields to
till.

The lineage of the giants from peasant's marrow grew,
And that which harms the giant doth harm the peasant too."

Burg Niedeck is in Alsace, and many tales are told
About the giant's castle there in the days of old.
It long ago has fallen ; the place is waste and bare ;
And if you ask for giants, there are no giants there.

Little Roland.

UHLAND.

WITHIN the cave Frau Bertha stayed,
And mourned her bitter fate ;
Outside the little Roland played,
His mourning was not great.

"O brother Karl, the state I've left
Unto which I was born ;
For love, I am of all bereft ;
Thou holdest me in scorn.

"My husband dear, alas that thou
Shouldst taken from me be !
For love I left my all, and now
Alone, hath love left me.

"Come, little Roland," loud she cried,
"I've no one else to call ;
Thou art my love, my hope, my pride,
My comfort, and my all.

“Go, little Roland, to the town,
A beggar there to be ;
And call God's richest blessing down
On him who helpeth thee.”

At table, in his gilded hall,
Was seated Karl the king ;
And liveried servants, at his call,
Did plates and goblets bring.

The flute and the harp were played right well
By minstrels known to fame :
Unto poor Bertha's lonely cell
Sweet music never came.

The splendor, from without, a throng
Of ragged beggars viewed ;
Far less thought they of play and song,
I ween, than drink and food.

As through the doorway he did gaze
Upon the motley crew,
It greatly did the king amaze,
To see a boy press through,

Who pushed the beggars left and right,
And a clear pathway made ;
A handsome boy, in colors bright
Of fabrics rich arrayed.

Straight little Roland to the hall
Came, nor one word did say,
But took a dish before them all,
And went upon his way.

Then thought the king, "Of stranger freak
Than this, I never heard."
But, as no word the king did speak,
The others spake no word.

Again he came ; and no one spake,
Nor knew they what to think,
The golden cup to see him take,
From which the king did drink.

Until at last, "Bold rascal, stop !"
The king aloud did cry.
Roland did not the beaker drop,
But looked him in the eye.

A smile the king's stern look did chase ;
Then to the lad spake he, —
"You come into this splendid place
As 'twere the forest free.

"From the king's board the plate you took,
Like wild grapes from a vine ;
And as a draught from out a brook,
You treat my sparkling wine."

"The peasant women drink from brooks,
And eat wild grapes from vines :
My mother's should be your own cooks,
And hers your own rich wines."

"And if she be a noble dame,
And famous in the land,
A stately castle she should claim,
And parks and gardens grand.

"Where is her chief of servants, pray?
And where her butler deft?"

"My right hand is the one alway,
The other is my left."

"Where do her faithful guardsmen dwell?"

"Look in my eyes, and see."

"Unto me of her minstrel tell."

"My rosy mouth is he."

"The dame hath servants true and fine,
In livery gay bedight,
That even as the rainbow shine
In many colors bright."

"When I into subjection fought
The boys in street and square,
They unto me as tribute brought
Bright-colored clothes to wear."

"Sure, no one I have ever seen
Is better served than she ;
I think, in truth, the beggar queen
This noble dame must be.

"And that she dwelleth hereabout,
It plainly doth appear. —
Ride out, three dames, three lords, ride out,
And bring the lady here."

Down with the cup did Roland spring,
Out at the door he flew ;
And, at a signal from the king,
The dames and lords went too.

The king the floor impatient paced ;
Ere very long he spied
The lords and dames, with eager haste,
Back to the castle ride.

But as the train the gateway neared,
"God help me !" he did call ;
"I mine own royal blood have jeered,
In mine own royal hall.

"My sister Bertha ! luckless fate,
That ever she should stand
Here, in my splendid hall of state,
With beggar's staff in hand !"

Frau Bertha at his feet sank down.
Her look and touch did rouse
The olden anger ; in a frown
He knit his heavy brows.

Frau Bertha trembled at the sight ;
No words her lips could frame.
Small Roland raised his eyes so bright,
And called his uncle's name.

At that the king in kindness spake.
"Rise, sister mine," said he,
"And for dear little Roland's sake,
Thou shalt forgiven be."

Then up Frau Bertha rose ; said she, —
"What thou hast done this day,
The little Roland shall to thee
Abundantly repay.

“For he his spurs shall win and wear,
With thee on tented field ;
From many a realm shall trophies wear
Upon his flag and shield.

“At table sit with many a king ;
And with his good right hand
Prosperity and honor bring
Unto the mother-land.”

Spring Songs.

UHLAND.

I.—PRESENTIMENT OF SPRING.

O SOFT sweet breath, I know
That soon thou wilt bring
The songs of spring ;
That soon will the violet blow.

II.—SPRING FAITH.

Now come the breezes soft and light ;
They work by day, they work by night,
Creating and arranging.
Oh, music soft ! oh, sweet perfume !
Arouse thee, heart, forget thy gloom,
All things must now be changing.

The world each moment fairer grows,
Till where one is, one hardly knows ;
The new the old estranging ;

The deepest vale with bloom is clad ;
O heart, awake, and be thou glad !
All things must now be changing.

III.—SPRING REST.

BURY me not in the grave's dark night,
Under the green earth out of sight;
But when I come to die,
In the long grass let me lie ;

In the long, soft grass, and the flowers so fair,
With the sound of music in all the air ;
I shall lie there happy, I know,
While the spring clouds over me blow.

IV.—SPRING PLEASURE.

EARTH is full of joy, O spring,
And 'tis thou dost bring it.
Had I ever song to sing,
Should I not now sing it?

Wherefore labor when such gay
Garb the world is dressed in?
Springtime is a holiday
To rejoice and rest in.

V.—PRAISE OF SPRING.

SCENT of violet, green of wheat,
Lark's sweet warble, blackbird's lay,
Rain and sunshine, breezes sweet !

Who such words as these can sing,
Needs he any greater thing,
Thee to prize, O bright spring day?

VI.—SPRING COMFORT.

How canst thou, heart, on such days despair,
When even the thorns do roses bear?

VII.—FUTURE SPRINGS.

EACH year the spring attended
By sunshine, song, and flowers,
Magnificent and splendid,
Comes to this world of ours.
Its coming thou awaitest
In winter cold and drear ;
Ere thou anticipatest,
Behold, the spring is here !

Morning Song.

UHLAND.

'Tis scarcely daybreak in the dell,
Nor have I heard the distant bell
For early matins ringing ;

The birds, up in the treetops high,
Just twitter, that will by and by
Their tuneful flight be winging.

But I abroad have wandered long
Enough to make the little song
I am so gayly singing.

Farewell Song.

UHLAND.

FARE thee well, fare thee well, my dear,
To-day our paths must sever.
Give me one sweet kiss, — I fear
It will be the last forever.

And break me a blossom from the tree,
The tree in thy garden growing ;
It will bear no more fruit for me.
Far away, far away I am going.

In the Distant Land.

UHLAND.

MYSELF down under the trees I throw,
There are singing of birds a legion.
What is there in it that moves me so?
What of our love can the song-birds know
Out here in this foreign region?

I rest me now by the brooklet's edge ;
With fragrance the air is laden.
O flowers, who planted you here in the hedge?
Shall I not count you of love the pledge,
From my distant, my dearest maiden?

On the Ferry Boat.

UHLAND.

O'ER these waters lightly tossing,
Years ago I made the crossing :
'Neath yon cliff with castle clinging,
As of old the falls are singing.

And the boat — the years have spared it,
But not those who with me shared it :
Like a father one, the other
Dear unto me as a brother.

One his way serenely wended
Till his quiet life was ended :
And the other fell in battle,
'Mid its rush and roar and rattle.

Thus it is whene'er reviewing
Bygone scenes, as I am doing,
Thoughts of friends, who life did gladden,
And are gone, my spirit sadden.

But 'tis this that friendship bindeth, —
That the soul, soul kinship findeth ;
And in soul communion pleasant
Closely linked are past and present.

Boatman, here's thy fee ; I make it
Thrice thy charge, and bid thee take it ;
O'er these waters lightly tossing
With me are two spirits crossing !

The Landlady's Daughter.

UHLAND.

THERE came three students from over the Rhine.
At the landlady's hostel they stopped to dine.

"Hast thou beer and wine? and, landlady, where
Is thy daughter, fairest of maidens fair?"

"I have beer and wine," the landlady said,
"But, alas! my daughter is lying dead."

Up into the chamber they went their way,
Where the maiden robed for her burial lay.

And gently the first drew the veil aside,
And the face with a sorrowful look he eyed:

"O fairest of maidens, didst thou but live,
My love to thee I would henceforth give."

Then quietly forward the second stepped,
And replaced the veil. For a while he wept;

Then he said, "I have loved thee for many a year,
And now thou liest upon thy bier."

The third he lifted again the veil,
And kissed the lips that in death were pale;

And said, "I have loved thee, I love thee still,
And love thee forevermore I will."

Free Art.**UHLAND.**

YE who have the power of singing,
Pour your song out full and free :
Through the forest set it ringing,
Let it swell from tree to tree.

Not alone the few and flattered
Can the poet's skill command ;
But the seeds of song are scattered
Over all the German land.

From thy full heart speak sincerely,
Though thy thought of pain be born ;
Softly sing thy love, yet clearly ;
Thunder forth thy words of scorn.

Sing thou ere thy season closes,
'Twill not last thy whole life long.
Only in the month of roses
Sings the nightingale her song.

Though in book thou may'st not bind it,
Give the thought the hour doth bring
To the winds, and he will find it
Who the song is set to sing.

Alchemy and necromancy,
Good-by to them. We forsake
Formulas wrought out by fancy ;
Poesy our art we make.

Soul we honor, but for station
Or for name we do not care ;
Give the master adoration,
But his art hold free as air.

'Tis not in the marble statue,
'Tis not in the carven shrine,
But in the fresh forest that you
Find the power we call divine.

The Minstrel's Curse.

UHLAND.

In old times stood a castle so lofty and so grand,
Far out to sea one saw it, one saw it far on land ;
Around it fragrant gardens a crown of beauty made,
And fountains rainbow-glancing within it ever played.

And there a haughty king dwelt, so stern, so deadly pale,
That none could look upon him and not before him quail ;
His very thought was terror, his every look a fright ;
His every word a scourge was, 'twas death to have him write.

Unto this lofty castle two minstrels came one day :
The locks of one were golden, the other's hair was gray ;
A harp the elder carried, a noble steed he rode ;
And gayly on beside him his young companion strode.

Unto the youth the elder said, " Now, my son, prepare
Our noblest lays to render, strike up our sweetest air,
And passing through the limits of song from grave to gay,
Be it our task to capture the king's hard heart to-day."

And now behold them standing in the great hall of state ;
Upon his throne the king sits beside his royal mate, —
The king in awful splendor as gleams the northern light,
The queen in lovely sweetness as shines the moon at night.

Across the strings his fingers the aged minstrel swept,
And waked the sweetest music in harp that ever slept.
The young man's voice rose with it as it mounted high and
higher,
While his own was low and plaintive like the song of spirit-
choir.

They sung of love and springtime, the golden age of youth ;
They sung of faith and friendship, they sung of love and
truth ;
They sung of all the fair things to which dull souls are blind,
They sung of all the grand things which elevate mankind.

The courtiers standing spell-bound forgot their sports to ply ;
Down knelt the king's retainers, and praised the Lord most
high ;
The queen herself leaned forward, and the joy she felt
expressed
By throwing to the minstrels the rose from off her breast.

Then spake the king in anger, " What, wretches, do ye mean ?
My people's hearts ye've stolen, ye have bewitched my
queen."

He threw his gleaming broadsword : with such a force it
sped,
Forth flowed the young man's life-blood the flood of song
instead.

As dust before the storm-wind the frightened courtiers fled.
The harper caught his comrade, who gasped and fell back
dead.

He flung his mantle round him, to the horse he bound him
fast,

And as through the castle's gateway with hasty step he passed,

Upon a marble pillar his priceless harp he broke ;
Then, lifting toward the castle his trembling hand, he spoke,
His minstrel voice out-ringing so clear that every word
Throughout each hall and garden the trembling inmates
heard, —

“ Ye proud halls, woe unto you ! never again may men
Under your vaulted ceilings hear string or song again.
To hear but sighs and groanings forever be your lot,
And the tread of vengeance clanking through your rubbish
and your rot.

“ Woe unto you, fair gardens, bright in the bloom of May !
The curse of this marred visage upon your pride I lay.
May all your bloom be withered, your every fountain dry,
And may you hence forever stony and lifeless lie.

“ Woe unto thee, O murderer, of minstrelsy the curse !
Think'st thou that song or story thy conquests shall rehearse ?
Oblivion be thy portion, and may thy name in death
Vanish as on the night-wind is lost an empty breath.”

The minstrel ceased his speaking : his curse is heard on high.
Where stood the proud old castle, to-day its ruins lie ;
To tell of vanished splendor there stands one pillar tall,
And that is rent and shattered and leaning to its fall.

And where were fruitful gardens is now a waste wild land ;
No tree affords a shadow, no spring breaks through the sand ;
No stories, songs, or legends the monarch's deeds rehearse :
His very name forgotten, — that is the minstrel's curse !

The Shepherd's Sunday Song.

UHLAND.

It is God's holy day.
I am alone in this secluded dell ;
Now I can hear a distant sabbath bell,
Now soft it sinks away.

In prayer I bend the knee.
A sacred awe upon my soul doth steal ;
I have a consciousness that others kneel
To worship God with me.

And near and far away,
Lieth the azure vault, clear, calm, and bright,
As 'twere about to open on my sight.
It is God's holy day.

On the Death of a Child.

UHLAND.

Thou didst but come, and go away,
A fleeting guest in our earth-land.
Whence? Whither? We can only say, —
Out of God's hand, into God's hand.

Winter Song.

EICHENDORFF.

I DREAMED : my eyes upraising,
I at my father's door
Stood, down the valley gazing,
As in the days of yore.
The birds of spring were calling
From out each leafy nest,
And blossom-flakes were falling
Upon my head and breast.

I woke : and waking found me
In a far foreign land ;
Faint fell the moonbeams round me ;
I looked on every hand.
No flakes save ice-flakes hovered
In that uncertain light :
The ground with snow was covered,
My hair with age was white.

Consolation.

EICHENDORFF.

THERE were singers who sang full sweetly,
The land with their lays who blest,
Whose songs have vanished completely,
For the singers are laid to rest.

But as long as the stars their stations
Keep, circling the earth around,
Shall there be in new combinations
The old-time beauty found.

Though the house of the heroes immortal
Be builded again nevermore,
O'er the ruins of hall and of portal
Smiles the springtime now as of yore.

As the fighters give up their places,
And exhausted cease to contend,
There shall come to the front new races,
And fight it out to the end.

Morning Prayer.

EICHENDORFF.

O SILENCE, deep, impressive, thrilling !
Sweet solitude ! One fancies now
That, conscious of God's presence filling
Its depths, the wood in prayer doth bow.

Fresh feel I as if new created.
The sorrows that did o'er me rush
Are gone ; my soul, re-animated,
At yesterday's despair doth blush.

Thou didst not make this world, my Father,
My permanent abode to be.
It is not home : I count it rather
A bridge across life's stream to thee.

And if my precious gift betray I,
Unworthy if my song become,
Then broken be my harp, and may I
Through all eternity be dumb.

The Four Ways.

RÜCKERT.

THE sultan, Mewlana addressed : —

“Men say with thee that wisdom dwelleth,
And their report I fain would test,
And see how far the truth it telleth.

“The faithful four great sects divide,
And my inquiry is the trite one, —
With which of them doth truth abide?
Of the four ways, which is the right one?

“Which path leads to the throne on high?
Now prove thyself a true adviser.
Myself have pondered much, and I
Confess myself no whit the wiser.”

The sultan spake. The courtiers eyed
The sage, who, to the throne advancing,
Calmly yet modestly replied,
A moment first about him glancing : —

“While kingdoms have away been swept,
In power increasing, thine remaineth ;
By Allah's prospering favor kept,
Thou reignest here : in heaven God reigneth.

"Four doors there are to this great hall,
In which upon thy throne thou sittest ;
Through each thy people come ; with all
Thou dealest as to thee seems fittest.

"And I, who am to courts unused,
At thy command my home have quitted,
And, by the splendor here confused,
Know not by which I was admitted."

Before the Doors.

BÜCKERT.

At the door of Riches I knocked ; he threw
From the window a penny, and I withdrew.

Then I went to knock at Love's dear door,
But a dozen others were there before.

Next I knocked at the castle of the great :
"To the noble we open, who come in state."

Then I went to the house of Labor, and there
I heard the voices of Sorrow and Care.

I sought the place where Content did dwell,
But where to find it no one could tell.

Yet doth there a little house remain :
I shall knock at its door, and not in vain.

Within there dwelleth full many a guest, —
The grave for millions affordeth rest.

Wishes.**RÜCKERT.**

I COULD wish an angel's mind
Were in my possession,
That each shade of thought might find
Musical expression ;

Or that gifted be I might
With the subtlest powers,
And in perfume or in light
Speak like stars and flowers ;

Or desire the zephyr's play,
Which the sweet rose presses,
And its being breathes away
In its soft caresses.

Poorer is the nightingale ;
She, no respite knowing,
Still must sing the plaintive tale
From her heart o'erflowing.

And a nightingale am I
With no power of singing ;
To my pen the thoughts do fly
From my heart up-springing ;

Images that sparkle while
Unto words I woo them ;
But till on them thou dost smile,
There's no music to them.

When the page comes to thy view,
Then the song commences,
And it seizes as its due
On love's ravished senses.

Of the letters, every one,
Memnon's statues making,
At the kiss of morning's sun
Into music waking !

Road Fellowship.

BÜCKERT.

Do not wonder, knowing
How life's pathways bend,
And they on them going,
Seek each his own end, —

That upon the highway
Thou must plod alone
When thy friend finds thy way
Is no more his own.

Here together nearing,
Drawing there apart ;
Now and then appearing
One upon the chart, —

Thus, life's pathways seeing,
Dare not to depend
On another's being
With thee to the end ;

When so many chances
Him aside may call,
As the day advances,
Ere the shadows fall.

Autumn Song.

RÜCKERT.

INTO the rich golden ear
Summer bloom hath turned to-day ;
Changes now his dance the year,
Summer flies away.

Haste the sun's last rays to catch,
As he from the clouds doth peep,
Lest again they envious snatch
Him, and shrouded keep.

Pluck the few flowers thou dost see,
If thou wouldst not have them lost ;
Pluck them quick, or they will be
Gathered by the frost.

Say not thou, " Another spring
Shall their blighted bloom awake."
Canst thou know what it will bring
Will be thine to take ?

Springtime sunlight cannot go
Down into thy grave's dark gloom,
Nor the flowers above that grow
Yield for thee perfume !

The Devil Outwitted.

RÜCKERT.

THE Arabs began their fields to till.

Said the Devil, who came in a hurry there, —
“Since half of the world is mine, I will
Come round at harvest, and get my share.”

From foxes the Arabs developed were.

They said, “The Devil shall have his due :
We will take the tops for ourselves, good sir,
And the bottoms will then be left for you.”

“Not so,” said the Devil, “the tops for me,”
(’Tis a habit the Devil has — high to aim.)
Said the cunning Arabs, “So let it be,”
And they beat the Devil at his own game.

For with turnips they planted all their ground ;
And when in the autumn they gathered their crops,
The Devil was angry when he found
There was nothing for him but the wilted tops.

Next spring the Devil said, “Turn about
Is by all admitted to be fair play ;
That gives me the bottoms, beyond a doubt.”
Said the Arabs, “The Devil shall have his way.”

That year they planted their fields with corn ;
And greatly was kindled the Devil’s ire,
When, the ears all gathered, they laughed with scorn
As he pulled the stubble to feed his fire.

The Sea of Hope.

RÜCKERT.

THOUGH the thing it hope for it gaineth never,
The heart keeps hoping and hoping ever :
As wave after wave breaks on the shore,
And still the ocean keeps sending more.

That its waters forever shall be in motion,
That is the very life of the ocean :
Out with fresh hope on each day to start,
That is the wave-beat of the heart.

The heart in dreaming its force expendeth,
As the sea its foam to the heaven sendeth ;
And one dream chaseth another home,
As foam doth ever dissolve in foam.

Giants and Dwarfs.

RÜCKERT.

FROM her father's lofty castle upon the mountain side,
One day into the valley the giant's daughter hied.
A plough and yoke of oxen she happened there to find,
And a peasant who contentedly was trudging on behind.
Giants and dwarfs !

The oxen, plough, and peasant to her seemed very small,
So she took them in her apron to the castle, one and all.
"What have you there, my daughter?" said the giant, turning
pale.

"Some pretty playthings, papa, that I found down in the vale."
Giants and dwarfs !

"Pick up your pretty playthings, my dear, and take them back,
Or else some day our larder its stock of food may lack !
The dwarfs must plough the valleys, or the valleys grow no
wheat,
And the giants of the mountains would have then no bread
to eat."
Giants and dwarfs !

When the Evening Glow doth Vanish.

SCHULZE.

WHEN the evening glow doth vanish,
Then the moon and stars arise ;
Stars and moon the sun doth banish,
When he mounts the morning skies.

In the morning's rosy glimmer,
In the sun's bright blaze of gold,
In the moonlight's gentle shimmer,
In the stars, I thee behold.

Who doth come, my heart assureth,
Even ere thy form I see ;
Others pass, but none allureth,
I have eyes alone for thee.

When I almost might enfold thee
In my arms, I look in vain ;
For my eyes no more behold thee,
Dimmed by joy, despair, and pain.

I must always grieve, I fear me ;
Since forget I never may,
And thou always art so near me, —
Always art so far away.

Good-by to Life.

KÖRNER.

"As I lie in a wood, badly wounded, helpless, and expecting to die."

My wound doth burn ; vainly do I endeavor
To move my lips ; slower my heart is beating
With every pulse ; I feel my moments fleeting.
God, as thou wilt ! From thee death doth not sever.
Visions and songs, such as before I never
Have seen or heard, bring me Death's awful greeting.
But, courage ! let me shrink not from the meeting,
Since what in me is good shall live forever.
Love for God's creatures whether high or lowly,
That love of freedom for which never slowly
My young heart beat, and all I hold most holy.
Now comes the sleep that knows no earthly waking.
A seraph by my side his place is taking,
And heaven's bright sunshine on my soul is breaking.

The Horseman and the Bodensee.

SCHWAB.

THROUGH the valley bright doth a horseman go,
The sunlight sparkles upon the snow.
He urges the charger to swifter flight,
He must reach the Bodensee to-night.
On the ferry-boat stanch, ere it grows too dark,
Must he and his gallant horse embark.
Over stone and thorn doth the pathway lead,
Yet he hurries forward the weary steed.
Now he comes again to the level land
Where stretches before him the snow like sand ;
He passes city and town no more ;
The road is smooth as a level floor ;
In the wide expanse not a stone nor tree
Nor hillock nor house can the horseman see.
So on for a couple of leagues he flies ;
In the air above him the wild goose cries ;
Her cry and the noise of the fluttering coot
Are the only sounds that his ear salute ;
Nor, far or near, can his eye detect
A person who might his course direct ;
Yet hurries he on through the waste so drear,
When shall he the rush of the water hear ?
As settles about him the coming night,
In the distance rises a glimmering light ;
Now out of the mist lifts tree by tree,
And now again he the hills can see ;
Again the bushes and stones appear,
And the light gleams brighter as he draws near.

At his tired horse now the watch-dog barks,
From the chimney rise the ruddy sparks.
"O maid at the window, speak and say,
How far am I from the sea away?"
The maiden looks with a wondering eye.
"The sea ! why, the sea doth behind thee lie,
And, but that the ice doth the boat now hide,
I should say that thou from the boat didst ride."
A shudder ran through the stranger's frame :
"The road was level by which I came."
Then up to the heaven her arm raised she,
"Good God ! thou hast ridden across the sea.
To the bottomless depths of the flood below
Thou might'st have been plunged by the hoof's mad blow.
The rush of the water that swept so near,
And the ice as it crackled, thou didst not hear,
Nor know that each step might make thee food
For the ravenous pike and her hungry brood !"
Now runs the maiden with cheek so pale
Forth into the town to tell the tale.
The towns-people gather around, and say,
"Good fortune, stranger, is thine to-day.
Come in thou, and have by the fire a seat,
Come in, and break bread with us, — fish with us eat."
The horseman stares wildly ; he nothing has heard
Of what has been said to him since the first word.
His heart ceases beating, his hair stands on end,
Behind him the danger seems still to impend ;
Deep yawning abysses before his eyes flash,
He hears the ice breaking with terrible crash,
He gasps, and now down from his horse doth he sink.
And they bury him there by the Bodensee's brink.

The Thunder-Storm.

SCHWAB.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, grandmother, mother, and child :
The girl is enjoying a frolic wild ;
The grandmother spins ; the mother so proud
Adorns herself ; the great-grandmother bowed
By the fireplace sits in her chair.

How sultry has grown the air !

Saith the child, " To-morrow is holiday,
And I shall go out in the grove to play,
Run through the valley and up the hill,
My basket with beautiful blossoms fill,
And with bright green grass so dear."

Do ye the thunder hear ?

Saith the mother, " To-morrow is holiday,
There will be a festival, so they say,
And I my holiday dress shall wear ;
The weather will certainly be fair,
For the sun is shining clear."

Do ye the thunder hear ?

Then doth the grandmother speak and say,
" Grandmother hath no holiday.
She must cook the meal, and spin the wool,
For life of labor and care is full,
And bread and cloth are dear."

Do ye the thunder hear ?

Then the great-grandmother saith, "I may
Be called to-morrow from earth away.
It would be a holiday indeed.
I cannot work or sing or read :
What more hath the earth for me?"
Do ye the lightning see?

A sudden and fearful flash of light
Makes the gloomy room for an instant bright :
The storm has come with its havoc wild.
Great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and child
Are by one stroke taken away, —
And to-morrow is holiday.

Song before Battle.

MÜLLER.

HE who for freedom fights and falls, fair his renown shall
grow
As long as the unfettered winds through the free air shall
blow ;
Long as shall rustle in the wood the foliage on the tree,
Long as the river's waves shall run untrammelled to the sea,
Long as the eagle's pinions free through the free clouds shall
fly,
Long as free incense shall ascend from free hearts to the
sky.

He who for freedom fights and falls, fair his renown shall
grow,
As long as spirits free betwixt the heaven and earth shall go.

The hero's soul binds heaven and earth ; in hours of sun-
shine bright
'Tis with us, and 'tis with us in the darkness of the night,
In storms that break the fir-tree proud, and wildly sweep
aloft,
And winds that move the grass on graves in breathings sweet
and soft.

Upon his last descendant when in cradle rocked is he,
From Hellas' sacred soil doth breathe the hero spirit free,
And freedom's songs in wonder-dreams doth whisper soft
and mild,
And in his sleep to freedom's cause doth consecrate the
child.
Louder it speaks unto the youth, about him throws a spell,
And sends him forth to see the fields where heroes fought
and fell ;
Down to his heart's profoundest depths a trembling thrills
the boy,
He knows not whether it is pain or whether it is joy.
Come, swell our banners in the breeze, ye holy spirit-choir,
Quicken the beating of our hearts, our steps with speed
inspire !
We take the field for freedom now, with weapons in the hand,
We march to battle and to death for God and fatherland.
Ye are with us, we feel your might, your presence makes us
strong ;
Your magic voices join with ours in every battle-song.
Ye are with us, with us ye march ; ye from Thermopylae,
And ye from green old Marathon ; ye from the bright blue
sea.
From Mycale's cloud-covered rocks, from Salamis's strand ;
All ye from wood, field, hill, and dale, in the broad Grecian
land.

He who for freedom fights and falls, fair his renown shall
grow
As long as the unfettered winds through the free air shall
blow,
Long as shall rustle in the wood the foliage on the tree,
Long as the river's waves shall run untrammelled to the sea,
Long as the eagle's pinions free through the free clouds
shall fly,
Long as free incense shall ascend from free hearts to the
sky.

The Little Sailor-Boy.

MÜLLER.

I WAS a little fellow, scarcely higher than his knee,
When my father first began to take me with him to the sea.
To swim he early taught me, holding me upon his hand,
And to dive into the running stream, down to its bed of
sand.
Three times a piece of silver he threw out in the wave,
And three times made me bring it back ere it to me he gave.
Then a pair of oars he passed me, in his boat he bade me
go,
And beside it in the water stood and taught me how to row ;
Showed me how my stroke to vary when the billows high
did run,
And how to stem the breakers, and the eddies how to shun.

Anon the small boat leaving, we aboard a vessel went,
And were in among the breakers by the gales and currents
sent.

High on the mast I clambered, looked over sea and land ;
Away swept hill and steeple to the level of the strand ;
My father bade me notice how all the sea-birds flew,
How all the clouds were drifting, how all the sea-gales blew ;
Then bent the mast the storm-wind, and fast the vessel
 sped,

And soon the spray was dashing high up above my head.
My father stood there calmly, and looked me in the face,
And I, without a tremble, at the mast-head kept my place ;
Then spake he, and the crimson came to his cheeks for
 joy, —

“God speed thee on thy sailor-life, my little sailor-boy !”

My father put this morning my sword into my hand,
To send me forth to battle for God and fatherland ;
And then he looked me over, until it seemed to me
As if my very inmost thought his seaching eye must see.
I raised my sword to heaven, while he my form did scan,
And looking at him squarely, felt every inch a man.
Then spake he, and the crimson came to his cheeks for
 joy, —

“Now with thy sword, God speed thee, my little sailor-
 boy !”

A Comparison.

MÜLLER.

A SNOWBALL and a scandal told
Each larger grows the farther rolled ;
A handful one's own gate before,
A mountain at his neighbor's door.

Evening Song.

HOFFMAN OF FALLERSLEBEN.

Now the day's toil endeth :
Over plain and steep
Down soft peace descendeth,
And the world doth sleep.

To the brook that, pouring
On its rocky way,
Rusheth, plunging, roaring
Louder than by day,

Rest no evening bringeth,
When the day doth close ;
Vesper bell ne'er ringeth,
Calling to repose.

Heart, that ever lonely
Throbbest in my breast,
Know that God can only
Give thy evening rest.

He is There.

HOFFMAN OF FALLERSLEBEN.

THE Spring has come beyond a doubt :
If thou the Spring wouldst see,
Then to the open field go out, —
To the green field with me.

Down in the wood the Spring doth hide,
Though no man him hath seen ;
But there a little bird hath spied
A dainty speck of green.

Yes, Spring has come ; and you may hear,
Where'er you pass along,
Only rejoicings far and near,
The voice of joy and song.

And even to the humblest, he
Some beauteous thing has brought ;
Though but a bunch of flowers it be,
Each shares his kindly thought.

Then to the open field go out, —
To the green field to-day ;
The Spring has come beyond a doubt,
Who in the house would stay !

The Grenadiers.

HEINE.

Two soldiers of France on their homeward way
From the campaign so ill-fated,
Escaped from the Russian dungeon where they
Had been since incarcerated, —

Were told as they stopped at a German inn,
That by fortune's smile forsaken,
Their gallant army had conquered been,
And the Emperor captive taken.

Oh, pitiful was it their grief to see,
The terrible news at learning !
The one broke silence with "Woe is me !
It sets my old wound a-burning."

Said the other, "The song is sung, and I,
With my winding-sheet about me,
In the fatherland could wish to lie,
Though my wife and child without me" —

"Who cares for wife, who cares for child,
From her place when France is shaken?
Let them go and beg. It drives me wild
To think of my Emperor taken !

"If, perchance, I should die on my homeward way,
Then, comrade, as you love me,
Bear me on to rest where at least I may
Have my country's soil above me.

"And place my cross-of-honor above
The heart that has ceased its labor ;
In my hand the musket it used to love,
By my side my dear old sabre.

"Like a watchful sentinel guarding a camp,
I will lie in my grave and listen,
Till the roar of the cannon, the war-horse's tramp,
Tell that swords clash above me and glisten.

"I shall know 'tis the Emperor coming to save
Fair France from the rule of the stranger ;
Then armed and equipped I will rise from my grave,
And march to protect him from danger."

The Two Brothers.

HEINE.

Up there on the summit darkling
Stands the castle in the night ;
In the vale the swords are sparkling,
Flashing forth a fitful light.

These are children of one mother,
Who are joined in deadly strife :
Wherefore is it that a brother
Seeks to take a brother's life ?

Kindled was the feud between them
By fair Countess Laura's eyes ;
Now they stand as we have seen them,
Of their conflict she the prize.

For the maiden's bearing savors
Of her haughty race's pride ;
None can tell which one she favors :
Out then, sword, thou must decide !

So they stand, their strong arms dealing
Blow on blow in deadly fight ;
Ah ! their hate is past all healing,
Wicked spells do work to-night.

Was there sadder tale e'er written,
Sadder story ever heard ?
Down the brothers fall, each smitten
By the other's fatal sword.

Since then many a generation
Has been born and passed away ;
Now no more a habitation,
Stands the castle in decay ;

And below, so says the peasant,
At the twelfth hour of the night,
Be the weather foul or pleasant,
You shall hear the brothers fight.

On the Hertz.

HEINE.

THERE'S a hut upon the mountain,
In it dwells the miner old,
Over it a fir-tree rustles,
On it shines the moon like gold.

And a richly-carved old arm-chair
In the hut you may espy ;
He who sits in it is lucky,
And the lucky man am I.

On the stool there sits a maiden,
Rests her arm upon my knee ;
Two blue stars her pretty eyes are,
And a rosy mouth hath she.

Those blue stars so soft and loving,
Ah, a heaven is in their gaze !
On the rosy mouth her finger
Roguishly the maiden lays.

"No, the mother's busy spinning,
There's no fear that she will see ;
And the father plays the zither,
And an old-time tune sings he."

And the maiden whispers softly, —
Softly and in muffled tone ;
And full many weighty secrets
Doth she unto me make known.

"To the shooting-grounds at Goslar,
When my aunt was living there,
We could go and see the many
Things so wonderfully fair.

"Now she's dead, and we no longer
From our mountain-home can go,
But in winter are entirely
Buried up here in the snow.

"And I'm a poor timid maiden,
And as frightened as a child
Of the wicked mountain spirits -
When the nights are dark and wild."

Here with startled look her story
Stopped the pretty mountain maid,
And her eyes with both hands covered,
As of her own voice afraid.

Louder did the fir-tree rustle,
Fast the spinning-wheel went round ;
And that old tune on the zither
Did more weird and ghost-like sound.

Fear not thou, O precious maiden !
All the evil spirits' might.
Fear not thou, O precious maiden !
Angels guard thee day and night.

From the North Sea Pictures.

HEINE

I. — GREETING TO THE SEA.

THALATTA ! Thalatta !
I greet thee, I greet thee, O sea everlasting !
I greet thee, yes, ten thousand times do I greet thee,
From my heart wildly throbbing,
As of old they did greet thee,
The Grecian ten thousand,
War-wasted and homesick then,
World-renowned now.

The billows rolled shoreward,
Rolled shoreward loud roaring ;
The glittering sunbeams
Danced brightly upon them ;
The sea-mews affrighted
Upstart loud shrieking ;
The war-horses stamped, and the shields clashed together,
And a great shout of triumph went up like a war-cry, —
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

I greet thee, I greet thee, O sea everlasting !
Thy roar is to me like a voice of the household,

And the fancies of childhood awake at the sparkle
Of thy great, swelling surges.
Thou tell'st me anew the familiar old stories,
About all thy lovely and wonderful playthings, —
Thy fair Christmas gifts with their marvellous lustre,
Thy trees of red coral,
Thy goldfish, thy pearls, and thy shells gayly painted, —
All the rich and rare things that from sight thou concealest,
In thy palace of crystal.

How pined my poor heart in its days of wearisome exile !
Like a plant in a botanist's box did it droop in my bosom.
It is as if I had been a sick man confined to a sick-room
Through the days and the weeks and the months of a dreary
and desolate winter,
And as if I were now restored to health in a moment.
The emerald spring, sun-awakened, breathes on me with
dazzling brightness ;
About me on every hand the trees open wide their white
blossoms ;
The fragrant flowers look up with their beautiful eyes to
greet me ;
Everywhere fragrance, melody, beauty, motion, and laughter,
And in the blue heaven the birds sing, —
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

Thou brave, retreating heart,
How oft, how painfully oft, the Northern barbarians vexed
thee !
With their great, baleful eyes they shot at me burning arrows ;
With words polite but cruel they sought to pierce my bosom,
And beat with their billet-bludgeons at my poor, distracted
brain.
In vain with my shield I opposed them ;

The arrows whizzed, and the blows came crashing ;
I was driven back by the Northern barbarians,
Driven back to the sea.
And here again I breathe freely ; and so I salute the sea,
The lovely, delivering sea, —
Thalatta ! Thalatta !

II. — STORM.

Now rages the storm,
It lashes the waves ;
And the waves, madly foaming and boiling,
Pile themselves up in white mountains, —
Mountains of living water.
The little ship climbs them,
Toiling painfully up,
Then suddenly plunges
Into the bottomless depths
Of the chasm wide-yawning.

O Sea !
Mother of Beauty, the foam-engendered one !
Grandmother of Love ! My own most beautiful !
Now flutter, scenting disaster,
The ominous birds of prey,
And whet their beaks on the mast,
As if they were waiting to tear the heart, —
The heart which beats in thy daughter's service,
The heart which the little rogue, thy grandson,
Selects as his plaything.

Vain are my prayers, and vain my supplications ;
My call is lost in the raging storm,
In the battle-cry of the wind.

It roars and whistles and snaps and howls
Like a bedlam of sounds ;
And through it at intervals
Plainly I hear the music of a harp,
And a song wonderfully wild,
Soul-piercing and soul-subduing ;
And I know the voice.

Far away on the rocky coast of Scotland,
In her little gray castle,
On its jutting perch reaching over the tumbling breakers,
There, at a high-vaulted window,
Stands a beautiful invalid lady,
Graceful of form, her face as pale as marble ;
And she plays on the harp, and sings ;
And the wind that dishevels her long locks,
Bears on its wings her mournful song,
Over the wide, wild sea.

The Shrubs and the Trees are Uplifting.

HEINE.

THE shrubs and the trees are uplifting
A wealth of blossom to-day ;
And the rosy clouds are drifting
In the blue of the heaven of May ;

And the nightingales are singing
From their leafy perches aloft ;
And the snow-white lambs are springing
About in the clover soft.

And I watch them, a sick man lying
On the grass in this sunny spot.
Through the air is a murmur flying :
I am dreaming, I know not what.

A Youth loved a Maiden.

HEINE.

A YOUTH loved a maiden ; and she
Had chosen another instead,
Who in turn loved another ; and he
In due time that other one wed.

The maiden then, just out of spite,
Wed the suitor who first came to woo ;
And the poor youth was heart-broken quite.
'Tis an old tale, and yet ever new.

But although the tale be as old —
Yea, older, than story or song,
Each time that anew it is told,
It bears a new heart-ache along.

My Child, we were Children together.

HEINE.

My child, we were children together :
Our friendship was true and tried ;
We used to creep in the hen-coop,
And there in the straw would hide.

And then we would crow as the cock crew ;
And it pleased us when people heard,
And thought that our "cock-a-doodle"
Was the crow of a real bird.

The boxes about our court-yard
We papered, and in them crept ;
And day after day, together,
Most notable house we kept.

The cat that belonged to our neighbor
Would often come round our way :
We always, by way of welcome,
Had a compliment ready to pay.

Then we would inquire for her welfare,
Apprehensive of this and of that :
We have talked in the same way since then,
To many an old, old cat.

We spoke in the wisest manner ;
And, like older folks, we told
About how the world was better
In the by-gone days of old ;

How love and truth and believing
Had been gone this many a year ;
And how scarce was now the money ;
And the coffee, alas ! how dear.

Gone from us are all the child plays ;
Gone from us the dreams of youth,
The times, and the world, and the money,
The faith, and the love, and the truth.

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The Foliage Sere doth Tremble.**HEINE.**

THE foliage sere doth tremble,
The dead leaves are scattered around :
Why is it that every thing lovely
Must wither and fall to the ground ?

The sun through the tree-tops is shining,
But I like not his beams to see :
Well may they the last sad kisses
Of the summer departing be.

The tears to my eyes are pressing,
My bosom with grief doth swell,
So much doth the scene remind me
Of the hour when we said farewell,—

The hour when I had to leave thee,
Well knowing thy death was nigh.
Oh, thou wast the dying forest,
And the summer departing I !

As Past thy House this Morning.**HEINE.**

As past thy house this morning
I went, my pretty child,
Thy sweet face at the window
My loneliness beguiled.

Thy bright brown eyes beheld me
Inquiring out my way : —
“ Who art thou, and what ails thee ?
Thou poor sick stranger, say ! ”

“ I am a German poet,
In mine own land well known :
Name thou the name most famous,
That name will be mine own.

“ What ails me ? Many Germans
Are suffering now the same :
Name thou the pain that’s sharpest,
And thou wilt have the name.”

Upon the Ocean Stretching Wide.

HEINE.

UPON the ocean stretching wide,
The sun’s last rays were flitting ;
And we two, mutely, side by side,
In the lone hut were sitting.

In rolled the mists ; the waves above,
We heard the sea-mews calling ;
And from thine eyes, so full of love,
I saw the tear-drops falling.

Upon the floor, bestrewn with sand,
I knelt ; and who could blame me
For kissing, from thy pretty hand,
The tears that so became thee ?

But ever since I've had my fears,
So for thee I am pining ;
Thou didst bewitch me with those tears,
So crystal-clear and shining.

The Autumn Wind Shakes the Tree-tops.

HEINE.

THE autumn wind shakes the tree-tops,
The night is misty and cold ;
And I through the forest riding,
My mantle about me hold.

I am borne by a wayward fancy,
As on through the dark I ride,
To the home of her who is dearer
To me than the world beside.

The dogs bark loud, and the candles,
In the hands of the servants, flare,
As I, with my spurs a-clanking,
Go up the great winding stair.

In her room, with its cheerful matting,
So cosey and warm and dry,
Doth the dearest of maids await me ;
And into her arms I fly.

Said the oak, and its dead leaves rustled,
As through it the night wind blew, —
"What wilt thou, O foolish rider !
With thy foolish fancy do?"

The Lorelei.

HEINE.

I KNOW not what is the reason
That I am haunted to-day,
With a tale of a by-gone season,
That I cannot drive away.

The air is cool, and it darkleth,
And smoothly floweth the Rhine :
The top of the mountain sparkleth,
Where the evening sun doth shine.

High up on the cliff reclineth
A maid who is wondrous fair ;
And her golden raiment shineth,
While she combeth her golden hair

With a golden comb, and singeth
The while, from her rocky tower,
A song on the air, that ringeth
With a strangely subtle power.

The boatman the danger dareth —
He turneth aloft his eye ;
For the breakers no more he careth ;
He watcheth the maid on high

Till the waves, in their might upspringing,
Over him and his boat have run ;
And this, with her sweet, sad singing,
The Lorelei hath done.

For Years and Years by Thousands.**HEINE.**

For years and years by thousands,
The stars from heaven above
On earth so calmly gazing,
Have seen the pains of love.

They tell them in a language
So beautiful, so grand,
That no philologist who lives
That speech can understand.

I've learned, nor can forget it,
While time exists or space :
The book from which I learned it
Was my beloved's face.

The Pine and the Palm.**HEINE.**

IN the North a lonely pine-tree
On a headland bald did grow :
He went to sleep, and was covered
With a mantle of ice and snow.

And he dreamed of a beautiful palm-tree,
That afar in the Orient land,
Alone and silently mourning
On a burning cliff did stand.

They have Tormented Me.

HEINE.

THEY have my life tormented,
Have worried me early and late :
Some with their love have done it,
And others with their hate.

The wine in my glass they've poisoned,
And the bread upon my plate :
Some with their love have done it,
And others with their hate.

But the one who my life hath worried
All others far above,
Is she who doth not hate me,
And yet who doth not love.

When I Hear Another Singing.

HEINE.

WHEN I hear another singing
The songs my loved one sung,
Back the olden memories bringing
Till my heart with grief is wrung ;

In the forest's deep recesses
Then I hide me from the day,
Till the burden that oppresses
Has dissolved in tears away.

Thou Pretty Fisher Maiden.**HEINE**

THOU pretty fisher-maiden,
Push off the boat from land,
And come and sit beside me,
And place in mine thy hand.

Lay thy head upon my bosom,
Nor longer hide from me
The secret that thou tellest
Each day unto the sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
Has storm and ebb and flow ;
And many pearls are lying
Down in its depths below.

The Letter that You Write Me.**HEINE.**

THE letter that you write me,
Although you say me nay,
Doth not at all affright me,
Nor fill me with dismay.

Twelve pages written closely,
Attractive to the eye ;
One writes not thus verbosely,
When one will say, good-by !

Thou art like a flower.

HEINE.

LIKE to a flower, O maiden !
Pure, fair, and good thou art.
I look at thee, and sadness
Doth creep into my heart,

Until I feel like placing
My hands upon thy brow,
And asking God to keep thee
Pure, fair, and good as now.

If the Little flowers only knew it.

HEINE.

IF the little flowers only knew it,
That my heart is suffering so,
They would weep — I am sure they would do it —
In sympathy with my woe.

If the nightingale only knew it,
That I am so sick and sad,
She would stop — I am sure she would do it —
Stop singing her lay so glad.

If the little stars only knew it,
The stars that so lovingly shine,
They would come — I am sure they would do it —
To comfort this sorrow of mine.

They know not, they give me no token :
There is only one knows it, and she
Is the one who my heart has broken.
Ah me ! ah me ! ah me !

As the Moon's Image Trembleth.

HEINE.

As the moon across the heaven
Travelleth with stately motion,
While below her image trembleth
On the trembling breast of ocean ;

Thus the loved one's image trembling
In my bosom, while she moveth
Quietly and calmly onward,
That my heart is trembling proveth.

Hope.

GAUDY.

In the heart's depths Hope doth slumber as in flower-cup
fair the dew ;
Gleams through ills as when the storm-clouds, parting, show
the liquid blue ;
Firmly rooted is, as bushes that in clefts of ledges grow,
And through tears doth brightly sparkle as in water diamonds
glow.

Oft deceived, though sharp reverses Destiny against thee
send,
O poor human heart ! so feeble, heavenward thou still dost
tend,
Like the spider, who, untiring, spins a new web every day,
If untoward Fate so often sweep her slender threads away.

The World is fair.

EBERT.

AN embodied song doth the lark arise :
Straight up to the clear blue heaven she flies,
And sings as she floats in the upper air,
"The world is fair !"

As on it the beams of morning shine,
The flower doth open its dainty shrine,
And saith in language of fragrance rare,
"The world is fair !"

And the brooklet singeth its little song,
As sweep its currents their way along,
While silvery ripples its wavelets bear,
"The world is fair !"

O man, who standest from joy apart,
Why gazest thou into thine own sad heart,
When gladness is round thee everywhere ?
The world is so fair !

Morning in the Forest.

EBEET.

THE arches of the wood along,
A gentle breeze is playing ;
Each glad bird sings his sweetest song ;
The young birch-tops are swaying.

The squirrel sings from bough to bough ;
The roe no hunter chases ;
And beetles, by the hundred now,
Are seen in shady places.

With a full flood of gladsome sound
The forest halls are ringing ;
With Nature singing all around,
Why should not I be singing ?

Then will I sing the power on high,
All great and small things ruling,
The wood that planted, built the sky,
And breathes in warmth and cooling.

There is a Time.

LENAU.

THERE is a time the soul that filleth
With tender thoughts, — the quiet hours
Of peaceful night, when heaven distilleth
Sweet dew-drink for earth's thirsty flowers.

Each distant star its message sendeth.

Out from this vale of strife and woe,
Into the life where trouble endeth,
On wings of faith the soul doth go.

Then when the cares of daylight fret thee,
Nor cease thy footsteps to pursue,
Unto the night-time come and get thee
Sweet comfort from her tears of dew.

Not with thee, there, can anger tarry ;
Thy heart, though it with wrong have bled,
Will seek its holiest sanctuary,
And love's bowed flower will lift its head.

And the blest impulses that chasten,
In floods upon thy soul will sweep,
And move thee, so that thou wilt hasten
Thy foe to waken from his sleep,

To say thine enmity hath vanished,
That all the hate thy heart did hold,
The soothing tears of night have banished,
And thou dost love him as of old.

Marsh Songs.

LENAU.

I.

Now the sun doth seek his pillow,
And the weary day doth sleep ;
Mournfully doth droop the willow
O'er the pool so still and deep.

For my dearest one I sorrow ;
For its song my heart that bleeds,
Doth the mournful language borrow,
Of the wind among the reeds.

Thou away beyond the billow,
Shinest on me, though so far.
Soft and mild as through the willow,
Shineth here the evening star.

II.

I THE wood-path like to follow,
Maiden, to the lakelet's brink.
There, in a secluded hollow,
Sit I down of thee to think.

And I stay till it doth darken.
To the wind, that pipeth shrill
In the rustling reeds, I hearken,
And the tears my eyes do fill.

On my ear a song is ringing
In melodious undertone ;
And the voice those sweet notes singing,
Dearest maiden, is thy own.

III.

GENTLY now the moon is shining
Down upon the pool serene ;
Pallid roses intertwining
In the marsh's crown of green.

Now, the open field preferring
To the covert, stands the deer
On the hillside ; wild fowl stirring
Dreamlike in the reeds I hear.

I can scarce refrain from weeping :
On this cool, refreshing air,
Tender thoughts of thee come sweeping
Like a quiet evening prayer.

Autumn Lament.

LENAU.

THOU, sweet Spring, hast met thy doom,
Not a trace of thee remaineth ;
Where but lately thou didst bloom,
Now the mournful Autumn reigneth.

Through the shrubs the low wind sighs,
Like the sound of one that's crying ;
And exhausted Nature lies
On a couch of dead leaves dying.

Swiftly flit the summers by,
Short each season's round of pleasure ;
From the wood there comes a cry,
"Hath thy heart yet found its treasure?"

O thou wood-cry ! low and clear,
Thou my own heart's song dost sing me ;
For, alas, each dying year
Doth dead leaves and dead hopes bring me.

The Refuge.

LENAU.

CHILDREN, when their playmates worry,
Or perchance their teachers chide them,
To their mother homeward hurry,
And behind her apron hide them.

Hapless fate though time may bring them,
Hearts there are that harden never ;
Though the sharpest sorrows wring them,
Children they remain forever.

And if hope at last forsake them,
From the evils that betide them,
They to Mother Earth betake them,
And behind her shroud they hide them.

Mist.

LENAU.

YE mists, that hide the vale, and stream
That doth adown it run,
The wooded mountain, and the gleam
Of greeting from the sun, —

Oh, cover with your robe of gray
The world's expanse so vast,
If from me ye can shut away
The misery of my past !

Summer Threads.

LENAU.

MAIDEN, see the hills where often
You and I were wont to go ;
Summer threads the verdure soften
That upon them late did show.

Loud and joyous though thy voice is,
As upon the air it falls,
It no more my heart rejoices ;
From thy own no more it calls.

Here the Winter soon will hover :
He will speak with storm-voice loud,
And with ice and snow will cover
Yonder hills as with a shroud.

Than these summer threads, what need I
More to know the year is old ?
In thy voice as plainly read I,
Maiden, that thy heart is cold.

Song of Courage.

MOSEN.

SPEAK, heart, and tell me what doth ail thee !
Thou hast no more a song to sing,
But of thy burdens dost bewail thee,
Nor lovest the sweet sounds of spring.

Over his own soul man must gain dominion,
Ere for his highest flight he plume his pinion.
Lift up thy head !

Above thee bright the heaven arches ;
The waves dash on with old-time force ;
The world along her orbit marches,
And all things keep their destined course.
Why worriest thou o'er possible disaster ?
Not slower flies a single hour, or faster.
Undaunted be !

Press on, and for thyself a pathway clear thou,
Though an abyss should yawn before thy feet ;
Acquit thee as a man, strike home, nor fear thou
The dragon brood on narrow bridge to meet !
There is no devil from whom tears will ward thee :
Thou hast thy own two hands, and let them guard thee.
Make thy own way !

Woman's Love.

LOUISE VON PLOENNIES.

WOMAN's love a spring is in a valley, —
Fettered though it be with ice and snow,
It awaits its time ; the sunbeams rally,
And its waters in profusion flow, —
Or a rosebush which the winds have shaken,
Robbed it of its bloom, and left it bare :
When the new spring comes, behold it waken,
Decked with beauty, crowned with perfume rare.

Woman's love is like the star of even ;
To no purpose though its shining seem,
Quietly it gazeth from the heaven
To the loving eye that knows its beam.

It is like the nightingale or linnet,
That, though hurt and caged, still sweetly sings.
Woman's love, the woman's soul is in it,
Even from the grave to life it springs.

Man's Weapons.

SEIDL.

A MAN may not defenceless be,
Although no sword he bears :
The sword but honoreth, when he
Doth honor it who wears.
But there are weapons other quite,
With which God girds him round,
That give him overpowering might,
Though he in chains be bound.

And such a weapon is his soul :
A spirit peaceful clear,
That all beneath it can control,
And so need nothing fear ;
That though against it fates unite,
Firm as a rock can stand,
And not a hair-breadth from the right
Be swayed to either hand.

And such a weapon is his heart,
That prompts no idle tears,

But hastens succor to impart,
When suffering's call it hears ;
That doth rejoice if joy abide,
That loveth where it may,
And unto pomp, pretence, and pride,
No single grain gives way.

And such a weapon is his word :
Never pronounced in vain,
And trusted in wherever heard,
The football ne'er of gain ;
The word that guarantees the deed,
The trust that ne'er betrays ;
A treasure in the time of need,
The pledge of better days.

These are the weapons which a man
Should learn betimes to wield ;
With which he, single-handed, can
Hold Fortune's hardest field ;
Acquit him as a hero true,
Magnanimous and brave,
Fight with them life's fierce battle through,
And bear them to the grave.

Why is the Earth so fair.

BEINICK.

WHY is the earth so fair, so fair ?
The little birds know right well.
They rustle each tiny feather,
And sing in sweet chorus together,
Beneath the blue heaven to tell.

Why is the earth so fair, so fair?
The lakes and the rivers know.
They paint its pictures, and throw them
Down into their depths, to show them
To the clouds that over them go.

And right well know it the painter and poet,
And others not a few.
One doth paint it, another singeth,
And deep in his heart it ringeth,
Who knoweth but cannot do.

In Winter.

ANASTATIUS GRÜN.

ONWARD, a giant swan, doth Winter stride,
And his white plumage scattereth far and wide ;
No song he singeth ; slow doth grow his tread ;
Death-weary sinks he on the stubble dead.
Yet in his lap the infant Spring doth rest,
And tenderly is nursed at his cold breast ;
Till into bloom his flowers by thousands spring,
Till he his thousand joyous songs doth sing.

Thus, a pale swan, Death the great conqueror waves
His plumage o'er a harvest-field of graves ;
No rustle of his icy robe is heard ;
Where'er he goeth, speaketh he no word.
New mounds he buildeth him with each new day,
Wherein he storeth precious spoil away ;
And the heart asketh, though the lips be dumb,
" Is it not almost time for spring to come ? "

Upon the Strand.

ANASTATIUS GRÜN.

UPON his bales of goods piled high,
The merchant gazes gladly ;
While a poor fisher sits hard by,
His torn nets eying sadly.

Old wrecks, in storms that came to grief ;
Proud ships with streamers blowing ;
A haven here, and there a reef ;
Tides ebbing now, now flowing.

Bright sunshine, yet with storm-clouds nigh ;
Song that now swells, now ceases ;
Here, "Welcome home," and there, "Good-by ;"
Sails new, and sails in pieces.

Two maidens sit upon the strand :
One weeps, sad Sorrow's daughter ;
The other, with a wreath in hand,
Throws roses in the water.

The one, Misfortune's luckless child,
Her trouble language giving,
Cries out, "O sea, so dark and wild,
How like art thou to living !"

The other, Fortune's favored child,
Her gladness language giving,
Cries out, "O sea, so fair and mild,
How like art thou to living !"

Uprise the waves that did but sleep,
 And, with their voice of thunder,
 They drown both cries ; alike they sweep
 The tears and roses under.

At Sea.

ANASTATIUS GRÜN.

How the azure vault supernal
 Stretcheth far as eye can range !
 Symbol fit of truth eternal,
 Knowing neither bound nor change.

Peace the ocean symbolizeth,
 Clear and calm as heaven above ;
 And the sun, as high he riseth,
 Is the type of holy love.

O'er the bounding billows lightly
 Threads the ship the trackless seas ;
 As 'twere Freedom's ensign, brightly
 Floats the white sail on the breeze.

O thou soul that aye aspirest,
 Thou whose longings never cease,
 Is there more that thou desirest, —
 Love and freedom, truth and peace ?

Ah ! if but the winds that sing us
 Now their measures soft, now grand,
 Just a single leaf would bring us,
 Just one blossom from the land !

The Heart.

NEUMANN.

THE heart hath chambers twain ;
Joy dwelleth
In one, in one abideth Pain.

If in the one Joy waketh,
His slumber
Grief in the other taketh.

O Joy, have thou a care !
Speak softly,
Lest Grief thou wake. Beware !

Thine.

HAMMER.

It is with me when, with thee talking,
Thy shy, soft eyes look into mine,
As when at evening I am walking,
And on the sea the moonbeams shine.

I know not if the waves be singing, —
“Come down to us, our dangers brave ;”
Or if the warning voice be ringing, —
“Keep from us, lest we prove thy grave.”

When, passing, thou dost greet me smiling,
Thou dost my very soul entrance ;
What most she holds her own, beguiling
From her in just a single glance.

What I have known of joy or sorrow
Doth vanish like a dream away ;
I know no past, fear no to-morrow,
I know I love thee now, to-day.

If to the grave my love shall bring me,
Gladly for thee such fate I'll greet ;
The pain that unto death shall sting me
Shall be of life the thing most sweet.

Oh, Love as Long as Love thou canst.

FREILIGRATH.

OH, love as long as love thou canst, —
Love whilst thy loved ones thou dost keep :
The hour will come when thou wilt stand
Beside thy loved ones' graves, and weep.

Upon the altar of thine heart
Let not love's fire e'er cease to burn,
While there another heart remains
That beats to thine in warm return.

And he who comes to thee with love,
If so thou canst with love receive.
Strive every hour to make him glad,
Strive that no hour shall make him grieve.

Keep thou close watch upon thy tongue,
Quick to the lips sharp words will leap ;
There was not any evil meant,
But ah ! they made the loved one weep.

Oh, love as long as love thou canst, —
Love whilst thy loved ones thou dost keep :
The hour will come when thou wilt stand
Beside thy loved ones' graves to weep.

Down in the swaying churchyard grass,
In sorrow shalt thou bend the knee,
And shade the eyes bedimmed with tears, —
Eyes that no more the loved one see, —

And say, " Look down upon me here,
By thy low mound in sorrow bent ;
Forgive the words that gave thee pain.
O God ! there was no evil meant."

He sees nor hears, nor comes, that thou
Round him with joy thine arms mayst throw,
Nor do the lips that kissed thee oft
Say, " I forgave thee long ago," —

Though long ago he did forgive,
But not till many a hot tear fell
For thee and for thy bitter words ;
But now he rests, — with him 'tis well.

Oh, love as long as love thou canst, —
Love whilst thy loved ones thou dost keep :
The hour will come when thou wilt stand
Beside thy loved ones' graves, and weep.

From off the Sea the Wind doth Blow.

FREILIGRATH.

FROM off the sea the wind doth blow,
Whirling the sand, the seaweed shifting :
Oh, fitting types ! for to and fro
My thought is like the seaweed drifting.

And as the wind and wave do change
The sand, and into new shapes mould it,
So doth my wandering spirit range,
So is there found no place to hold it.

Black, Red, Gold.

FREILIGRATH.

How long, in grief and darkness, we
Obliged were to conceal it !
Now from its grave we set it free,
And to the world reveal it.
How shines and rustles each fair fold !
Hurrah, thou black, thou red, thou gold !
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

It is the flag our fathers knew,
The same old colors showing.
Young wounds to gain, brave deeds to do,
Beneath it we are going ;

The conflict now so well begun
Shall cease not till the field be won.

Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

Maidens whose dainty fingers wrought
The flag we are upholding,
While we the stock of lead we brought
Were into bullets moulding, —
Not where men meet to dance and sing,
The banner that you made shall swing.

Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

Think you the land you can persuade
To be for freedom grateful,
Whose towns, with each its barricade,
Your laws denounce as hateful?
Electors, heed these words of ours,
Lest we usurp grand-ducal powers.

Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

Freedom with us means something more
Than childish pastime, — breaking,
With foolish rage, an arsenal door,
And sword and musket taking,
Marching a little while, and then
Bringing the weapons back again !

Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

'Tis not, within a house of glass,
To draw distinctions pretty,
And judgment overstrained to pass
Upon offences petty,
And then down unconcerned to lie,
Without while stones and bullets fly.
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

That will not pass for freedom long
Which makes the strange condition,
That subjects must endure a wrong,
Or fight with — a petition.
Good God ! petition, and then wait,
Parley, and then — illuminate !
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

Freedom ! — where men their rights must buy,
Or take them as a favor ;
Where kings yield what they would deny
If stronger or if braver ;
Where men the thing they most do hate
Upon the throne will tolerate !
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

Away with freedom such as that,
Which rules but by compelling !
Of each poor petty prince's hat
Does freedom mean the selling.

Away with spite and craft and stealth !
Freedom means one great commonwealth.
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

A great republic, firm and free,
None better and none stronger,
Where chain and whip and gallows-tree
Shall be endured no longer.
The time has come to do or die :
Fly out, good German banner, fly !
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

To battle, then, thou German flag,
To battle do we take thee ;
And com'st thou back a tattered rag,
Then new again we'll make thee.
See our fair German maidens smile, —
That would be sewing worth their while.
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

And he who makes for thee a song
Trusts that its fate will let it
The master find, who shall ere long
To stirring music set it ;
Then shall ring out a chorus grand
From our united German land.
Powder is black,
Blood is red,
Golden the bright flame flickers.

The Free Press.

FREILIGRATH.

STERNLY to his fellow-workmen, thus the master-printer said : —

“ Muskets will be used to-morrow, and there will be need of lead.

Well our types will serve the purpose ; be it ours to spend the night

Melting them, and making of them metal messengers of right.

“ Here the crucible and forms are ; now the fire is burning clear ;

All the doors are barricaded, none can interrupt us here.

Now, compositors and pressmen, lively to your labor spring :
Help me Freedom's manifesto to its feet to-night to bring.”

Thus he speaks as the first letters in the crucible he throws.
Soon, within, the molten liquid bubbles, sparkles, heaves, and
glows ;

Agate, pica, primer, bubble ; Roman here and Gothic there
Sparkle in the boiling caldron, — naught for censorship they
care.

In the bullet-moulds now steaming cools the mass that late
did boil.

All night long the twenty craftsmen at their heavy labor toil,
Blow the fire, and rake the cinders, as if casting were their
trade,

Until into round hard bullets, type and tool alike are made.

Packed in bags, the whole edition lies about upon the
ground,
Waiting for its distribution, when the morning hour comes
round.
Truly, a bold morning paper ! never such a one, I trow,
Was from this old office issued since it started, until now.

Sadly spake the master-printer, and his eyes with tears were
wet : —

“ I, and with me many others, face the issue with regret ;
But what other course is left us, or what other thing can be ?
Only in the form of bullets can the types to-day make free.

“ Since a great idea triumphant from a contest comes at last,
Though men fling it in a dungeon, trample it, and chain it
fast,

Let us put one in each musket ; for it cannot be denied,
That ideas, the wide world over, are to printer's sticks allied.

“ Even to the prince's castle, O my molten types, then fly,
Soaring, sing the song of freedom till it ring against the sky.
Strike the slaves and mercenaries, strike the men bereft of
wit,

They who would a free press throttle, — fools although they
highest sit.

“ Perish they and all their workings ! Freed from interference
then,

When their mission is accomplished, we can get our types
again,

Gather up the battered bullets, cast them clearer than
before —

Hark ! I hear the trumpet sounding ; there's a knocking at
the door.

" Now a shot, and now another ! These are signals comrades know.

In the streets are hurrying footsteps, horses stamp, and bugles blow.

Here the bullets ; here the muskets ; and already are we there.

Now the opening volley whistles, — Revolution's in the air ! "

Springer.

FREILIGRATH.

WHAT better chess-board can be found
Than is the world ? It does not fret me
From square to square to move me round,
And off the board they cannot get me.

Thus ever on the game doth go,
Freedom with tyranny contesting ;
Move after move, and blow on blow,
Never the order comes for resting.

Lately in Holland did I dwell,
Anon in Switzerland I found me ;
Now even from the land of Tell,
I feel as if the game will hound me.

Ready am I ! The free waves dance
Round Norway's homes, sweet music making ;
I hear a rattle now from France,
That sounds to me like fetters breaking.

Never away did England send
The exile there his way who wended.
The hand of one who is my friend,
From far Ohio, is extended.

Plenty of moves ! Then what care I
How far or fast to go I'm fated ?
They cannot mate me if they try :
Only the king can be checkmated !

To Wolfgang in the field.

FREILIGRATH.

THE letter I am writing,
I to the winds shall throw ;
For where our sons are fighting,
Our postman cannot go.
I trust it soon may find thee,
Wherever thou mayst be,
And of the love remind thee,
In thought that follows thee.

Thy country's call to battle
Right promptly thou hast heard ;
Thou art where bullets rattle,
Yet bearest not the sword.
Though in the ranks thou'rt training,
Risking thy dear young life,
Thy office is restraining
The fierceness of the strife.

The heart that ever led thee,
With loyalty inspired,
From England homeward sped thee,
When German hearts were fired.
The army thou attendest,
The red cross on thy sleeve,
And thy assistance lendest,
Its suffering to relieve.

Thou, to the lips that languish,
Dost hold the cooling cup ;
The wounded in their anguish
From earth thou liftest up,
And to the shelter nearest
Thou tenderly dost bear,
And many a death-knell hearest
Ring out upon the air.

Be strong, my Wolf, be earnest,
As well thou mayest be ;
Whichever way thou turnest,
Sad sights thine eye may see.
Be glad thy help to render,
For those thou helpest feel ;
Nor let thy heart so tender
The sight of suffering steel.

But kindness preserving,
In duty only stern,
By faithful, gentle serving,
Seek thou thy spurs to earn.
And make the knife thy debtor,
For teaching thee to know
The surgeon's cut heals better
Than doth the soldier's blow.

Among the dead and dying,
Upon thy true way go,
Never thy help denying
To friend nor yet to foe.
Go on thy work of healing
The havoc war hath wrought,
Resentment only feeling
To him the war who brought.

Farewell, where'er thou goest,
God ever with thee be !
Farewell, and well thou knowest
My blessing rests with thee,
When victory shall relieve thee,
And war no more shall ban,
Come, and we will receive thee,
A boy no more — a man.

Acquiescence.

SALLET.

SUPPOSE they of my sight should blind me,
Would then the sun refuse to shine?
Suppose in prison they should bind me,
Freedom hath other arms than mine.

Suppose that they my hand should fetter,
As having power to wield the pen :
Hands shall be found to wield it better,
While God doth touch the hearts of men.

Suppose my word should fall unheeded, —
The word God's spirit doth inspire :
Will any one man's voice be needed,
When sings the thousand-throated choir?

Think you there would be spring no longer,
That all its light and song would fail,
If you, since you than he were stronger,
Should kill a single nightingale?

The Bird.

HEBBEL.

"DEAR little bird, awhile alight ;
Say, whither dost thou take thy flight?"

"I do not know :
The voice says, 'Go !'
I doubt not I shall go aright."

"What does Hope promise unto thee
That bids thee venture o'er the sea?"

"Soft skies, bright bloom,
And sweet perfume
Are what it promises to me."

"Thou hast not seen that country fair,
And yet thou trustest what is there?"

"To ask is play :
I must away,
I have no further time to spare."

Oh, happy now the bird must be
In that fair land beyond the sea !
Soft skies, bright bloom,
And sweet perfume,
All that hope promised, now has he.

Summer Song.

HEBBEL.

I've seen the last rose of the summer die,
Exhaling perfume with its latest breath.
Awhile ago roses were plenty. Why
Is there so much in life, so near to death ?

A single butterfly, no other thing,
Disturbs the quiet of this sultry day,
And scarcely moves the air his little wing ;
He rests upon it, and just floats away.

The Rosebush.

FERRAND.

UNDER the rosebush the child sleeps well,
In the soft May breezes the rosebuds swell ;
There sweetly dreaming the infant lies,
And plays with the angels in paradise.
The years go by.

By the bush is standing a maiden fair, —
The perfume of roses is in the air, —

A joyous maiden, whose hands are pressed
In rapture full on her heaving breast.
The years go by.

And now a mother is kneeling there,
As rustle the leaves in the evening air ;
She is thinking over the vanished years,
And her eyes as she lifts them are full of tears.
The years go by.

Stripped doth the rosebush stand to-day.
The leaves have withered, and blown away ;
In season to cover a grave they fell,
The grave of a sleeper, who resteth well,
While the years go by !

Foreboding of Winter.

DINGELSTEDT.

UPWARD look, and see him coming,
On the storm-cloud darkly whirled ;
In the oak-tree hear him sighing,
As he sets the dry leaves flying
All about the dreary world.

Now the year's last flowers are blooming,
Its last sunshine earth doth warm ;
From the vine the last leaf blows now,
Each forgotten cluster shows now,
And the waves portend a storm.

Haste I one last song to sing now,
Ere life's season closed shall be :
Ere the breath of winter chilling
Settle down upon us, killing
Flowers and autumn, songs and me !

Evening Aspiration.

KINKEL.

Irs beauteous life, so mild and pleasant,
Has yielded up the bright spring day ;
Homeward his horses leads the peasant,
As dies the evening glow away.
With heads in downy plumage shielded
Repose the fowls ; Night comes apace
To seize the sceptre Day hath yielded ;
And all things rest, each in its place, —

Save where the stream, the silence troubling,
Adown the vale its course doth hold,
And from its depths a liquid bubbling
With white doth edge the rippling gold ;
And where it mingles with the ocean,
The little ship her path doth trace,
With easy, sure, and steady motion,
Sailing unto her destined place ;

And save the flock of wild birds flying
So high, they are from harm secure ;
Bound for their summer home, relying
For guidance on an instinct sure.

The order of their flight admiring,
I note with what a force and grace
They speed, unswerving and untiring,
Straight on unto their destined place.

It is the hour of contemplation ;
Yet thou, O heart, like boat and bird,
The voice of earnest aspiration,
The cry of destiny, hast heard !
To heed that calling be thou ready ;
Gird thee with might to run thy race ;
With motion swift, yet sure and steady,
Speed thee unto thy destined place !

Hope.

GEIBEL.

THOUGH Winter in his ice and snow
May seem intrenched securely,
We do not fear, because we know
The Springtime cometh surely ;

Because full well we understand,
Though now the sun be hidden,
That we, when Spring shall wave his wand,
Shall to his feast be bidden.

Sweep down, ye storms, with all your might !
Sweep down ! we do not fear ye :
With muffled step, concealed from sight,
The Spring is treading near ye.

Into the lap of Earth so bare
Soon shall he pour his treasure,
And make her, ere she is aware,
Forget her grief in pleasure.

Flower-garlanded he soon shall peer
Down where the brook lies sleeping,
And set its waters trickling clear,
Like tears of joyous weeping.

O heart in icy fetters bound !
Accept the sweet assurance,
That May Day comes, the world around,
To strengthen thy endurance.

And, should thy buds of promise here
Be blighted prematurely,
Look thou beyond, nor doubt nor fear,
God's springtime cometh surely.

The Water-Lily.

GEIBEL.

THE placid water-lily
Upon the lake doth grow ;
Its wet leaves round it trembling,
Its petals white as snow.

The moon down from the heaven
Her golden beams doth shower ;
Into its cup she pours them, —
The cup of that fair flower.

A white swan circles round it,
As white as white can be ;
He sings so sweet, so softly,
And at the flower looks he.

He sings so sweet, so softly,
He sings his life away.
Oh ! canst thou understand it,
Fair flower, that lovely lay?

God's Own Messenger is Sorrow.

GEIBEL.

God's own messenger is Sorrow, bringing heavenly truth to
mortals,
Teaching them, and to them softly opening Wisdom's hidden
portals.

But the eye is dim with weeping, and the tears it sheds so
blind it,
That it cannot, through the shadow, see the angel form
behind it.

In the cup are dregs of healing, if we only could believe it ;
We but quaff the bitter surface to our lips when we receive it.

That a heavenly one is near us, we discern not till he turneth,
Then the eye can see the halo, and the soul awe-stricken
learneth, —

When his form is separated from the glory that did hide it,
Just in time to see him vanish, — what a guest hath stood
beside it.

Epigrams.

GEIBEL.

LIKE a child is the poet in this, — that in objects familiar
He wonders discerns, and sees plainly things which are from
others concealed.

Two pinions hath Time. With the one he our pleasures
bears from us,
And dries with the other the tears which we shed at their loss.

It is this that of life is the flower, and only the greatest
attain it :
To be merry and yet to be wise, at once to amuse and
instruct.

The Midnight Walk.

HERWEGH.

I WITH the spirit of the midnight go
Through streets broad, dark, and still. The lights were
streaming,
And men were hurrying here a while ago ;
Some wept, and others laughed. Now all are dreaming.
The hour of gayety hath passed away ;
The maddening beaker doth no longer steam ;
All the day's cares are sleeping with the day.
The world is weary : let, oh, let it dream !

How do my petty rancors vanish quite
Out from my thought as each day's labor closes !
Now pours the moon soft flakes of silver light
Like petals pale that fall from withered roses.
Light as a sound, and silent as a star,
Wanders my soul at will ; no barriers seem
To stay her passage ; strongest bolts unbar ;
She visits whom she will, and shares his dream.

My shadow follows me as 'twere a spy,
And now I stand before a prison grating ;
Here, fatherland, thy truest son doth lie,
His love for thee in dungeon expiating ;
He sleeps : a vision bright sustains him now,
And for a time right rules with sway supreme ;
He wears a victor's crown upon his brow.
O God of Freedom, let the prisoner dream !

And now a palace towers before my eyes.
Within a chamber, though it be not lighted,
One do I see, who, as in sleep he lies,
Clutches a naked sword with look affrighted.
For flight he keeps a thousand horses fleet.
Yellow as is his crown his face doth seem.
He falls to earth, earth sinks beneath his feet.
O God of vengeance, let him longer dream !

This house beside the brook, — here labor lives,
Here innocence and want are closely crowded,
And yet his dream God to the peasant gives,
Whose burdened waking hours with gloom are shrouded.
His little hut a mansion now has grown,
His acres broad with golden harvests gleam ;
He asks no more for bread, to get a stone.
God of the poor man, let the poor man dream !

Here on the bank there is a house of stone,
Where dwells my child, to me of children fairest,
I love thee, dear one, but not thee alone,
For thou with Freedom my affection sharest.
Thou seest butterflies, and thou dost hear
The coo of doves : I hear wild eagles scream,
When I lie down, and see fierce war-steeds rear ;
Thou God of love, oh, let my loved one dream !

O star, that from behind the cloud dost peep !
O night, with thy profound and grateful quiet !
Slow let the hours upon their journey creep,
Keep back the day wherein the wrong doth riot.
Ruler and serf in sleep repose alike,
But Freedom hides at each new day's first beam,
And tyrants lift anew the steel to strike.
O God of dreams, let us all, all, all dream !

The Dragoon's Song.

HERWEGH.

NIGHT spreads her treacherous mantle round ;
We ride without a word or sound,
Cold is the north wind's breath.
Now as the hostelry we pass,
Quick, landlady, a single glass,
For the death, ay, for the death !

O grass that now so green dost grow,
Full soon shalt thou with roses blow,
And blood the stain supply.

Now the first draught, with sword in hand
I drink it for the Fatherland, —
To die, alas, to die !

And now the second draught I drain
To Freedom, at whose sacred fane
The patriot worshippeth ;
The little that is left, I think,
To the old Roman State I'll drink,
To the death, ay, to the death !

Now to my love — the time is up,
The bullets sing : the empty cup, —
That to my child leave I ;
Now like a thunderbolt away !
Charge on the foe ! A right good day
To die, alas, to die !

Verses from Exile.

HERWEGH

WOULD I might die as doth the evening's glow,
So quietly, one seeth not the motion :
Thus softly would I have my life-tide flow
Out into God's illimitable ocean !

Would I might die as yonder beauteous star,
That shineth in the heaven with lustre queenly ;
So could I wish, when called from earth afar,
Into the heavenly blue to fade serenely !

Would I might die as when a floweret fair
 Freely its subtle fragrance sacrificeth,
Which, on the wings of perfume-laden air,
 Sweetly as incense from God's altar riseth !

Would I might die as dies the dew before
 The sun, that holdeth earth unto her orbit ;
That he, the Lord who gave, would take once more
 My weary life, and in his own absorb it !

Would I might die as dieth the sweet sound
 From perfect harp-string touched by skilful finger ;
Lost to the ear, still in the air around
 The soul of melody doth seem to linger !

Thou wilt not die as doth the closing day ;
 The fading star thou needst not hope to follow ;
Nor canst thou like sweet perfume pass away :
 Thy little life the great life will not swallow !

Down to thy final rest soon mayst thou lie,
 For thee each day thine exile weaker maketh ;
In Nature's realm being doth gently die,
 But grief the heart of man asunder breaketh.

Peace.

BODENSTEDT.

STORMS and clouds from out the air have vanished ;
 On the hill-top sparkles bright the snow ;
Gloom and mist are by the sunlight banished ;
 Rests the world, — forgotten toil and woe.

Peace on earth and in the heaven reigneth ;
Happy he whose soul that peace obtaineth !

From the hamlet hear the sweet bell ringing,
On the meadow gleams the morning dew.
Blessed sabbath, rest to all things bringing !
Not a cloud disturbs the liquid blue.
Peace on earth and in the heaven reigneth ;
Happy he whose soul that peace obtaineth !

Do not grieve for what cannot be mended.
Troubles o'er all lives their shadows cast ;
He who conquers, first must have contended ;
Doubly sweet is rest, contention past.
Peace on earth and in the heaven reigneth ;
Happy he whose soul that peace obtaineth !

At Home.

FISCHER.

I HAVE sought thy picture in heaven afar,
By the soft pale light of the morning star,
And along the wake of the swallow's flight
Against the sky in the midday bright ;
I have sought thy lovely shape to behold
When the mountain was painted with evening's gold.
In all things lofty I have tried
To see thy image fair,
And found, in searching far and wide,
Naught with thee to compare.

The Price.

FISCHER.

THE highest mount is not so high,
The deepest vale so deep,
But up some little bird doth fly,
Some sunbeam down doth leap.

Wert thou the gold that gilds the sky,
Or pearl beneath the sea,
Then surely would I mount thus high,
Thus low descend, for thee.

The Return Home.

LINGG.

My happy childhood's home to visit,
I after years of wandering came.
All looked unchanged. I said, "Why is it,
Despite its sameness, not the same?"

The waves there as of old were rolling,
And through the wood the roe did bound ;
The distant evening bells were tolling ;
Mirrored the lake the mountains round.

But at the doorway where my mother
In years gone by had welcomed me,
I started when I saw another ;
Alas, alas ! that it should be !

The roaring waves seemed to me speaking :
" Fly, fly from hence, nor wait to learn
That they are gone whom thou art seeking, —
Gone, never, never to return ! "

The First Snow.

HARTMANN.

HEAVILY the year's first snow lies
On the trees that late were green ;
Heavily a life's first woe lies
On a life's young dreams, I ween.

Soon are melted the first snowflakes
When the sun's warm rays they feel ;
But, alas ! a life's first woe makes
Wounds no after joy can heal !

Evening by the Sea.

MEISSNER.

UPON thy bosom sets
The sun, O tranquil sea !
Her woes my heart forgets,
And is at peace like thee.

Ill thoughts are driven far,
Nor suffered to intrude ;
And those that late did jar,
To melody subdued.

But just a ripple yet
My perfect peace doth jar,
As just a glimpse I get
Of one white sail afar !

The Apostate Jewess.

MEISSNER.

THE old Jew's garb is rent asunder,
Death-songs are sung about the tomb :
Yet naught is laid the green turf under ;
In splendor liveth she for whom
That grave is waiting.

This custom is from old times handed :
The Jew who doth his faith forsake,
And is as an apostate branded,
They count as dead, and for him make
A grave that waiteth.

In gondola with mountings shining,
Far off on smooth Venetian stream,
On a proud soldier's breast reclining,
Little doth the fair Jewess dream
Her grave is waiting.

The soldier kisseth cheeks and tresses,
Calling her wife ; and she doth smile
With loving pride, these fond caresses
Receiving from him. All the while,
Her grave is waiting.

All night in rich saloons she danceth,
The zither's strings doth touch with skill ;
Whatever thing her sense entranceth
Is given unto her : but still
Her grave is waiting.

And when she waketh to discover
That she in want is left alone,
Deserted by her faithless lover,
Who hath across the ocean flown,
Her grave is waiting.

Ah ! piteously the Jewess shrieketh,
Tearing her silken locks ; now first
Into her ear a harsh voice speaketh
Those awful words : "Thou art accursed,
Thy grave is waiting."

A beggar-woman lone is pressing
Across the Alps ; the night is wild :
She in the grave, without a blessing,
Without a tear, hath laid her child.
Her grave is waiting.

What sound the churchyard's stillness breaketh ?
The gate doth on its hinges creak ;
The moonlight dim a shadow maketh,
And she who casteth it doth seek
Her grave that waiteth.

Now off the heavy stone she prieth
With her last strength ; doth briefly crave
Jehovah's mercy ; and now lieth
Among her kindred in the grave
That hath been waiting.

Haste to Wander.

BUCHHEIM.

OH, noble game is high Renown !
None by the wayside ever met him ;
One in fair field must run him down,
Or climb the mountain's peak to get him.
Never d'gth fame the praises sing
Of him who to his clod doth cling :
Then haste, then haste to wander.

Dame Fortune is a wanderer fleet,
Nor dwells in habitation humble ;
One finds her in the crowded street
Amidst the great world's rush and tumble ;
Who wanders without peace or rest,
His chance of meeting her is best :
Then haste, then haste to wander.

And Love is like a trusting child,
The new with gladness always meeting ;
So maidens fair have ever smiled
Unto the stranger kindly greeting ;
And since Love is a roving star,
He brightest smiles where wanderers are :
Then haste, then haste to wander.

Metamorphosis.

A MAIDEN as sweet as
One need wish to see,
With surroundings as neat as
And nice as could be ;

Perfection scarce short of,
One well might conclude.
Yes, that was the sort of
A maiden he wooed.

Disordered her dress is,
Her rooms are unswept,
And naught she possesses
In order is kept ;
She is ready to go forth,
And stir up a strife ;
Sharp, shrewish, and so forth
Is she, as a wife.

Metamorphosis.

A Pendant to the Above.

So spruce and so natty,
So well-behaved too,
And good-natured, that he
Charmed all that he knew.
On closest inspection,
One failed to discover
The least imperfection
In him, as a lover.

From grumbling and sneering
He never doth cease ;
Into every thing peering,
He gives one no peace ;
He keeps one in mind of
His pains and his aches ;
And that is the kind of
A husband he makes.

A Poet's Tribute to His Wife.

RITTERSHAUS.

I ASKED the sun, that in the heaven above is, —
“ Say, what is love ? ” No answer made the sun.
Then to the flowers I said, “ Tell me what love is.”
Fragrance they gave, but answer gave they none.

I went to the Eternal with my quest :
“ Is love true earnest, or but trifling sweet ? ”
God gave my wife, truest of wives, and best :
His answer to my question is complete.

The Love-sick Hippopotamus.

BORMANN.

Most unhappy of unhappy creatures,
Woe is me ! that I should wallow thus
Up and down the Nile, with tear-stained features,
A poor love-lorn hippopotamus.

I was blest ; I had a good digestion ;
O'er me threw the Pyramids their shade, —
Ere I met thee, fairest beyond question
Of thy sex, O gentle Nile-horse maid !

By the moonlight, where the tangled rushes
Mark the border of the great Nile's path,
There I saw thee first, suffused with blushes ;
Thou wast taking there thy evening bath.

Instantly the pangs of love shot through me,
 And with heartfelt fervor I did say, —
 “This one, and no other one, will do me !”
 And you spoke those cruel words, “Go 'way !”

That was four long weeks ago, and stronger
 Every day for thee my love has grown :
 If the thing shall be kept up much longer,
 Nothing will be left but skin and bone !

It is but my due that thou shouldst cure me :
 Of my sickness thou didst plant the germs.
 Only, only, of thy love assure me,
 O thou sweetest of all pachyderms !

Be thou mine, and bliss assured for us is ;
 Kiss me with thy bristly velvet snout,
 And two happy hippopotamuses
 You and I will be from this time out.

Philosophy at Fault.

MARTZROTH.

I BUT little joy have tasted
 In the life I have been leading.
 Half my time at least I've wasted,
 Books of learned rubbish reading.

Lore I've gathered like a miser ;
 With the learned men around me
 I have talked, and scarcely wiser
 Have they left me than they found me !

Once I saw a poodle going
Through the streets, and good time making,
While some bad boys stones were throwing,
Some of which effect were taking.

With his little airs so cunning,
He, those boys for good boys taking,
Met them, with no thought of running,
Till a stone his head set aching.

Then he looked a look of grieving
At those urchins so ungrateful,
As if it were past believing
They could do a thing so hateful.

But that one look was convincing
That the boys were quite hard-hearted ;
And there wasn't any mincing
In the gait at which he started.

Not long could they have kept sight of
Him, and much less could have caught him ;
He was acting in the light of
What experience had taught him.

His wit, said I, is worth double
My philosophy, poor duffer :
He has learned, in time of trouble,
One had better run than suffer.

The Magical Fiddler.

SILBERSTEIN.

To Charles the Great, who well the name
Deserved, — the records show so, —
There came a fiddler with the claim
To be a virtuoso.

“O Emperor, I went away
To lands remote and lonely,
And learned the violin to play;
Nor learned I there that only.

“For fortune in those lands my lot
Favored beyond all measure;
And there a violin I got,
Of violins the treasure.

“For what avails the sweetest sound
An instrument can bring you?
But this good violin I found,
The truth will always sing you.

“All hearts do with my playing go
Wherever I command them;
So thou their hidden thoughts mayst know,
And fully understand them.

“And of their speaking, every word,
However low they say it,
Shall by thee in the tune be heard,
As I to thee will play it.

"I feel beyond my own a skill
My helpless fingers guiding,
And stronger than my own a will
Above the tune presiding.

"And thou shalt learn that there may be,
Though strange to thee it seemeth,
Much more about a throne than he
Who sitteth on it dreameth.

"The feeling, yea, the inmost thought
Of servant and of stranger,
Shall to thee in the tune be brought,
And thou be warned of danger.

"And each false mask away shall fall,
From fools as well as sages,
And thou shalt read the minds of all
As plain as printed pages.

"Yea, in my play shall be revealed
The very speech of being,
The thought that is to-day concealed
Beyond all human seeing.

"To-morrow here thy people bring,
And I to thee will show them ;
There shall not be a single thing
In which thou dost not know them."

The monarch sat in thought profound,
His hand his brow concealing,
About the people all around
With whom he had his dealing ;

About his counsellors who spoke
Of policy and duty,
And then about his women-folk
Who charmed him with their beauty.

After a while he said, "The thing
Thou say'st is well — so be it.
And now to me thy fiddle bring :
I fain, myself, would see it."

'Twas well it wasn't made of lead !
With both his hands he caught it,
And down upon the minstrel's head
With all his might he brought it.

And such the force was of the blow,
The instrument was shattered,
And strings and handle, case and bow,
In fragments all were scattered.

"Nothing in life should go for naught,
Nor shalt thou thus deceive me ;
The truth that comes to man unsought,
Is falsehood half, believe me.

"Were earth of search for truth bereft,
And knowledge had by giving,
Then nothing would in life be left
That should be worth the living."

Since then 'tis said to be the case,
Men have a way of fearing,
In palace and in public place,
Of too much truth the hearing.

And even to this very day,
He who the truth has spoken,
Must tremble lest his fiddle may
Upon his head be broken.

The Rainbow.

A BRIDGE most fair to-day saw I,
None o'er it passed, it had no railing ;
The water did above it lie,
Yet underneath the ships were sailing ;
The people who beneath it walked
Looked up admiringly to view it,
And of its wondrous beauty talked ;
The birds of heaven were flying through it ;
No revenue it yielded. Say,
Who saw that wondrous bridge to-day ?

NOTES.

NOTES.

PAGE 29. *The Fisher and the Trout*. Originally published in the "Independent." The larger number of the first twelve stanzas are translations from a German poem, — "Das Fischlein," by Rammler. In the concluding stanzas an original treatment of the story is adopted, so that the poem as it stands cannot be considered a translation.

PAGE 34. *The Rescue*. In the early part of the century, a foreign vessel was wrecked on Widow's Island, a small island at the entrance to the Thoroughfare, between the Fox Islands at the mouth of Penobscot Bay. The survivors were rescued by a boat's crew from the North Fox Island, now the town of North Haven, under the lead of Capt. Salathiel Robinson and Capt. Samuel Lewis. Widow's Island has been recently purchased by the United States Government, and an appropriation has been made for the erection of a naval hospital there. The beautiful scenery along the Thoroughfare is attracting the attention of the summer tourists, and it would seem fitting that the story of the heroic deed performed there should be associated with it.

PAGE 41. *In Answer to the Question, "What were Adam's first spoken words?"* This bit of nonsense originated in a game of Crambo.

PAGE 43. *The Song of the Plane*. This is partly a translation from the German. The name of the German author I do not know. The piece as it came to my notice seemed to be incomplete. About half of it, as here given, is original.

PAGE 73. *My Little Hut.* Dr. Buchheim, in the note to this poem, in his collection entitled "Deutsche Lyrik," says, "There are almost as many different readings current of this little poem, as there are reprints of it. I have selected that which was adopted by Gustav Schwab; it being, according to my opinion, the most poetical and concise in form." The version in question is the one from which my translation is made. The one other version which has come to my notice differs from this in some respects, the most marked point of difference being that the last line of each stanza is of the same length as each of the others.

PAGE 78. *The Emperor and the Abbot.* This translation was made and published in the "Independent," before I had seen or heard of the old English ballad, "King John and the Abbot,"—from Percy's *Reliques*,—from which it is derived. The German poem is the smoother, but so far as the telling of the story is concerned, there is little if any improvement on the model; and that there is a failure to appropriate at least one of the points of detail, which give an air of reality in fiction, witness the following stanza of the older piece, in which the shepherd, by way of showing the feasibility of his proposition that he should personate the abbot before the king, says—

"Nay, frowne not, if it hath been told unto mee,
I am like your Lordship as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend mee your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in faire London towne."

PAGE 100. *The Cherry-Tree.* The original poem is in the Allemanic dialect, and I have never seen it; my translation having been made from the popular High German version. It contains an extra stanza, the eighth and ninth being a rendering of the German eighth. In excuse for this deviation from an ordinarily accepted rule, I may say that this piece was my initial attempt at translating, and was made rather as an experiment; and though in subsequent work I have not allowed myself the liberty here taken, I have chosen to let this stand as made.

PAGE 103. *Castle Boncourt*. Chamisso belonged to a noble French family, which, when he was a child, was driven from France by the French Revolution. This poem containing his recollections of the stately home of his childhood has been greatly admired for its tender and kindly sentiment.

PAGE 104. *The Toy of the Giant's Child*. It will be observed that this poem, and *Giants and Dwarfs* by Rückert, are versions of the same story, the difference being only a matter of amplification. I think it probable that each is a verse dress for an allegory, illustrating the dependence of the higher classes in society upon the lower, which had been handed down from an earlier time, perhaps in oral tradition. Which piece was written first, I have no means of knowing.

PAGE 106. *Little Roland*. Stanzas 16, 17: "Wild grapes from a vine — vines." Original: "Apples from a tree."

PAGE 115. *On the Ferry Boat*. This poem is well known through the beautiful rendering of it commencing, "*Many a year is in its grave*," which is quoted by Mr. Longfellow in "*Hyperion*." Of this version he says that "it equals the original in beauty," and that "it is admirably done; though in the measure of the original there is something like the rocking motion of a boat, which is not preserved in the translation." The version here presented is in the measure of the original, and should preserve the rocking motion if there be one. The version referred to, of which Mr. Longfellow says he wishes he could find out the translator, is credited by Mr. Knortz to Sarah Austin.

PAGE 133. *The Horseman and the Bodensee*. — The Bodensee is the German name for the Lake of Constance. It is very deep, and seldom freezes over. The incident narrated in the ballad is said to have occurred in 1695.

PAGE 136. *Song before Battle*. — Wilhelm Müller was the German, as Byron was the English, poet of the Greek Revolution of 1821. This is one of the songs contributed by him to the cause of Grecian liberty.

PAGE 177. *Black, Red, Gold, and The Free Press*, are fairly representative of the poems of freedom, which Freiligrath wrote at the period of the Revolution of 1848.

PAGE 183. *Springer*.—The knight in chess is called in German "Springer," perhaps because, in moving, he does not go in a straight line, and may go over a square occupied by another piece. The exiled poet, the victim of political persecution, compares himself to this piece, as the emblem of hasty and irregular movements.

PAGE 184. *To Wolfgang in the Field*.—The poet's son, Wolfgang, offered himself as a volunteer in the German army in the Franco-German war of 1870, and not being accepted, joined the Johanniter, or Knights of St. John; and, while upon this service, this poem was addressed to him by his father.

PAGE 190. *Evening Aspiration*.—The poet Kinkel was implicated in the revolutionary movements of 1848, and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in the fortress of Spandau. In 1850 Carl Schurz, then twenty-one years of age, who had been associated with him, and had escaped from the country, returned secretly and at great risk, and succeeded in effecting Kinkel's escape. While these facts have no connection with the poem, they are mentioned in the belief that they will impart an interest to it, as the single specimen given of the work of its author.

PAGE 191. *Hope*.—This translation, as also *Giants and Dwarfs*, and *He is There*, appeared in "Representative German Poems," edited by the German poet Karl Knortz, and published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Some time after the translation of *Hope* was made, I found that there was an omission of a stanza in the German text from which I had translated; and on translating that stanza, a version different from the one which I had made of the succeeding stanza, the concluding one of the piece, seemed to me desirable. So far as this concluding stanza is concerned, neither the one given there nor the one given here is strictly literal, or as nearly so as the rest of the piece.

PAGE 194. *The Midnight Walk*. — Dr. Buchheim, in his note upon this poem, says, "In order fully to appreciate these magnificent stanzas, it is necessary to know that Herwegh is one of the most enthusiastic 'poets of liberty.' His "Gedichte eines Lebendigen," in which the present poem appeared, were published at a time [1841-1843] when political life was quite stagnant on the Continent, and the gloom of despotism prevailed in Germany, as well as in other countries. It was during this period that Herwegh's poems fell like a flash of lightning, arousing the youth of Germany to that enthusiasm, which, effectively fanned by other poets and writers, gradually brought about her unity."

PAGE 204. *Metamorphosis*. — The pieces from which these are translated appeared in recent numbers of "Fliegende Blätter," a humorous illustrated paper published at Munich. The first appeared over initials, and the second appeared a few numbers later than the first, without any hint as to its authorship, and so may be assumed to be from a different hand than the first.

The Love-Sick Hippopotamus, Philosophy at Fault, and The Magical Fiddler, pp. 206, 207, 209, are also translations from pieces in recent numbers of "Fliegende Blätter."

PAGE 212. *The Rainbow*. — I have not been able to ascertain the name of the author of this pretty riddle.



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